

## Tell me it's love, tell me it's real

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## Tell me it's love, tell me it's real

by [Emym](#)

### Summary

If you ask George, what he thinks about his neighbor Clay, he will probably respond to you with one simple word - *Satan*. You can't really blame him for that, he can't stand the guy for as long as he can remember, since they were little kids. He also knows that Clay hates him back. They're fine like that even though their mothers keep on trying to force them to be friends. It's just how it was, is, and how they want it to be.

The thing is that, our plans don't always work out the way we want them to. What will happen when they will find themselves in a situation where their families misunderstand their actions? What will happen when they'll all think that they're dating? One thing for sure, they will need to get out of this situation as quick as they can without killing each other in the process.

Or: Clay and George, enemies since childhood, are forced to fake date to get out of an

misunderstanding.

## Notes

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The title comes from Heavenly by Cigarettes After Sex.

# Introduction

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George should have known that something was wrong as soon as he entered the kitchen that morning. His mother was waiting for him there, a big bright smile on her face, a plate of pancakes, some maple syrup, and a cup of coffee on the table in front of her. Don't get him wrong, okay, it was very kind and nice of her that she thought about him and prepared all of those things, but yet, he knew his mother very well, and was fully aware of the fact that if she was that horribly nice to you, there was always a reason. Especially if the same mother made you read a very long article on some pseudo-scientific site about the good effects that independence has on teenagers just few days earlier. So, George should have expected that after a feast like this, the woman would most certainly want something from him. The truth is though that, well, he did not expect it at all.

In his defense, pancakes were one of his most favorite meals, and everyone, who knew him at least a little bit knew very damn well that it was easy to use them to distract him from anything. Their effect worked even better, when, like this morning, he was so terribly hungry. No wonder then that as soon as he smelled their sweet scent, his brain switched from rational thinking to "mmm" mode. In short, his mother fully understood, what she was doing.

George thanked her for making him breakfast and quickly started eating it. He wasn't able to enjoy his warm, sweet, wonderfulness for too long though, because after about ten minutes his mother finally spoke to him, the tone of her voice light, the smile on her face falsely innocent.

"You know..." she began.

George lifted his head and looked at her questioningly. "Huh?" he asked, his mouth still full of food, so he wasn't able to say much more.

"I have a request for you, a very, very little one. You probably won't even notice that you did it."

George raised his eyebrows, when the woman stopped talking and placed her hands on the table.

"Get down to business, mom," he urged her.

"I know that you have plans with Darryl for tomorrow to watch this movie marathon you were telling me about, and I know that you both are very happy about it, but..." she paused for a moment. "Maybe you could postpone it to another day, please?"

George, to be honest, was slightly shocked. His mother knew he and Darryl had been planning this day for several weeks, they decided, which movies to watch, and even already bought snacks and drinks. When two weeks ago he asked for her permission to sleep at Darryl's, she without a problem told him that she agrees, but now, the day before the marathon, she has changed her mind for some unknown reason.

At first George's mind couldn't find any possible explanation for her behavior. What could have happened so suddenly that she canceled his plans at the last minute? What could have influenced her so much? Suddenly George had an idea. There was only one person in the whole world who could influence his mother that much.

"Why are you telling me this so late?" he asked, the tone of his voice disappointed. "And I'm begging you, don't tell me what I think you are going to tell me."

"Well..." the woman began, and George groaned internally. "Betty invited all of us to dinner with her family and I had no heart to refuse her."

Mrs. Thompson, Betty, of course. If anyone could make his mother change all her plans at the last minute, it was their neighbor. George's mother and Mrs. Thompson became best friends many years ago, when George was far too young to pay attention to something so trivial like remembering dates. They knew each other from school, they went to the same middle school, they were members of the same clubs. And maybe they lost contact for a while after George's grandparents moved to another state, where the woman graduated from high school and college, their bond, however, turned out to be stronger. A few years after George was born, for some reason they both decided to move to the same city, and even the same neighborhood. Ever since then the Davidson's and the Thompson's were neighbors. Ever since then George was forced to have regular contact with Clay.

"And this dinner has to be tomorrow?" George was bloody irritated, he was not going to give up his plans just because his mother decided she would do something behind his back. "Can't just you and dad go?"

"No. Everything is already settled for tomorrow, and I have confirmed we will all come, George. All three of us. I'm sorry."

"Mom!" George groaned. "You knew I already had plans. Why are you doing this to me?"

"Come on, don't sulk, Georgie." The woman gave him a pleading look, which he knew was bloody fake, but still, as always, it made George's heart soften. "Please, do it for me. Darryl is a good boy, so he will for sure understand if you postpone your plans for the next week. Pretty, pretty please..."

George sighed, he was unable to get out of this situation.

"Okay." His mother let out a happy cry. "But I have two conditions."

"Sure, what conditions?"

"First - no change of plans next week. Remember that, make a note or something, I'm going out."

The woman nodded her head vigorously.

"And the second one?" she asked.

"Second - no forcing me to spend time with Clay, or talk to him. Understood?"

"But, Georgie, Clay is such a nice boy. I'm sure that if only you two talked a bit more, you would-

"Understood?" George interrupted her firmly, he was not going to talk with her about that *again*. His relationship with Satan (his cute little nickname for Clay) was not a topic for discussion.

"Understood."

And just like that George fell into her trap and was forced to attend that goddamn dinner. Jesus, how should he tell it to Darryl? They were both so excited about the night. It was a worry for later, though, when he will have to face his friend at school. Now he should focus on getting there on time.

"It's time for me to go," he said getting up from the chair and grabbing his backpack. "Please remember what I said. See you."

After hearing a short "bye" from his mother he immediately went to leave the house. His house may not have been that far from school, but it was still better to be a little earlier than to be late, wasn't it? There could always happen something that would slow him down, some accident on the road, maybe some obstacle. George went outside and was about to get inside his car, when his attention got distracted by movement and the sound of the door opening to his left. He turned that way and saw, well, the biggest obstacle of his life.

"Georgie!" exclaimed Clay, George wanted to cut his own head off with the half-open door to stop hearing him.

George decided to ignore him and pretend that he didn't hear him, but Clay, as always, was not going to give up so easily. When it came to making George's life miserable, Clay apparently had an inexhaustible supply of will and energy.

"I heard from an anonymous source that someone has to cancel some important plans because something else is happening on the same day. Really really sad, isn't it?" Clay did not sound sad at all.

"I should have guessed it was your doing."

"Me?" Clay made an offended face and dramatically placed a hand over his heart. "How can you think that? I just gave my mom a convenient date and that's it. How was I to know that, you have other things planned for that day? You're hurting me with these accusations."

"You know what? Screw you. It's only morning and I'm already sick of you. Sounds like a new record. Please, give me this pleasure and stay away from me for the rest of the day, okay?"

"Anything for you, Georgie." The boy walked over to his car and opened the door. "It was nice seeing you too!"

"Whatever, Satan."

Clay drove off fairly quickly, waving cheerfully at George as he passed him. George groaned miserably. Why was he the one doomed to put up with him?

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"I have to tell you something, but please don't get mad," with these words George greeted Darryl, deciding that it would be best to just get it over with early and not waste whole day thinking about how to tell him. George decided that honesty would be the best, and now he could only hope that Darryl would take it well.

Darryl raised his eyebrows and looked at him, the look in his eyes uncertain.

"What happened?" he asked, and when he saw George's famous "*it was not my fault*" smile form on his face, he added: "Please don't tell me you insulted Clay again and your mother heard it, and now you need to apologize. George, it would be the third time this month."

"First of all, it was him who started it not me. Second, no, it's something worse."

"Jesus, George, just let it out."

George took a deep breath.

"My mom told Mrs. Thompson that we'll come to have dinner with her family tomorrow, so I won't

be able to come over for the night. Can we postpone this until next week? Please don't be angry."

A moment of silence. George held his breath.

"Of course I'm not angry. You're talking as if you didn't know me, you muffin. I'm fine with next week, really." George was able to breath again. "But still, isn't it kinda weird that your mom decided it so suddenly? Something happened?"

"Take a guess."

"How am I supposed to-? Oh, Clay?"

"Yeah, who else could've done that? He's probably getting revenge for that cheerleader thing from last week."

The week before, George's mother had forced him to go out with her and Mrs. Thompson for a walk and coffee during, which completely by accident they had walked into the same coffee shop where Clay had a date. Completely by accident, of course, if you can count the fact that George saw him through the window and decided to get under his skin and get back for all the taunts as a accident. Clay's mother immediately noticed her son, and despite the fact that he had company and his painful expression, she decided that they should all sit down at one table. Clay's date lasted several minutes of Mrs. Thompson's questions, then decided to go home (as far as George knew, she hadn't spoken to him anymore).

His beautiful plan would have been a complete success, if not for one little detail. As they were about to finish their drinks and leave, Mrs. Thompson dealt him a critical blow. *George*, she said, *I'm so glad you brought us here! It was so nice.* To say Clay looked furious when he heard this would be an understatement. He smiled happily and in a sweet tone, he drawled: *Oh, so very nice.* George knew then that he was in big, big trouble, but he did not expect the blond to do something like that.

Well, he probably should have been. It was always like that between them, from an early age, for as long as he could remember. Stealing each other's toys, and pushing in kindergarten. Kicking and pinching each other under tables at important family events until their parents decided to seat them as far apart as possible. Nicknames, quarrels, pranks, jokes. George couldn't even remember how and when it all started. All he knew was that Clay was a bloody, annoyingly tall, asshole, and that was enough for him to keep being involved in their conflict.

Darryl cleared his throat snapping George out of his thoughts.

"Is everything okay? You spaced out for a moment."

"Got lost in thoughts, sorry. We better go inside, you don't want to be late, huh?"

Darryl gave a little laugh, and then they begin walking towards their classroom together. George sighed. Somehow, he had no idea how, he will survive tomorrow's dinner, and then, with a bit of luck, he won't have to see Clay for a very long time. He was looking forward to it.

## Chapter End Notes

Hello, thank you for reading! If you liked it, you can leave kudos and/or comments.

This really means a lot! <3

It's my first longer work like that and I need to say that I'm pretty excited about it, but at the same time a bit unsure if I should continue it. I've only written this one chapter, but I have the whole work planned out. And now here's a question for you: Should I continue writing this fanfiction? Would you like to read more of it?

Don't hesitate to point out any punctuation and grammar mistakes if you see them!

Have a nice day, evening or night!

[My Tumblr](#)

## Misunderstandings

### Chapter Notes

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The worst day of George's life started out extremely ordinary. Wake up, eat breakfast, go to school - a typical set of activities, which he had been doing almost everyday for many years. Even the enormous amount of homework that was given to him for the weekend was familiar, and even quite friendly. If there was any permanent part in his life that never seemed to end, it was it. So it's clear to see that everything was completely normal. One might even dare to say that the day had started quite nicely, if not for one simple detail, the irritating vision that hung over George all day - the dinner.

During his stay at school, he somehow managed to forget, or rather ignore the fact that he would spend Friday night with the neighbors, listening to his mother gossiping with her best friend about some mutual friends, while he pretends that the woman's demon son is not sitting next to him. Internally, he begged the fate that Clay would also decide to not pay him any attention today, and spare them both from getting angry with each other and arguing.

His tactic entitled "*don't think about it and it will go away*" worked well when he was at school and could focus his attention on lessons and talking to Darryl. But it was hard to use, when he stood in front of the mirror in his room, getting ready to leave, and his mother was standing next to him straightening his shirt and complaining that he had already wrinkled it. The shirt wasn't even that wrinkled, but his mother always panicked like that before going out, as if Mrs. Thompson cared even a little bit about how they were dressed.

"Mom, you know very well that Mrs. Thompson wouldn't care even if we went there wearing potato sacks instead of normal clothes. Chill," he told her yet again.

"But I care. They're all going to be dressed in more formal clothes, so I don't want us to stick out." George rolled his eyes. "Besides, Clay for sure won't be wearing a crumpled shirt."

"Mom!" he groaned. "You promised me something."

"Okay, okay. I will be silent. Ignore the facts."

*If only mom remains silent about some things, and Clay decides to ignore me, thought George, then it all will be fine.*

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It was not fine even though everything went well at first. They came on time, nicely dressed, brought with them his mother's signature cake and a bouquet of flowers for Mrs. Thompson in thanks for preparing everything. Everyone said quick hello and went into the dining room to wait there for Mrs. Thompson to take the chicken out of the oven. His mother hadn't made a single

comment about the fact that they didn't say hello to each other with Clay, and Clay himself also chose a plan to ignore him. Clay's sister, Drista, engaged George's parents in a talk about some contest she recently won.

Under such conditions, this dinner had a chance to be bearable, maybe even nice and pleasant. But as soon as that thought passed through George's brain, a slight smile creeping into his face, of course everything started to get worse. Mrs. Thompson came back from the kitchen and announced that they could go and sit at the table now, because the chicken was ready. Normal information, nothing unordinary, how was George to expect the words that followed?

"Clay. George," Mrs. Thompson looked at them. "You boys sit where there are the green napkins." She pointed to two chairs that... stood next to each other. *Damn it.* The woman exchanged a knowing look with George's mother.

"Mom-" began Clay, but the woman cut him off quickly.

"Come on, come on. We don't have all day. Sit down."

"Mom, can't I sit somewhere else?"

"No, everyone has a designated place."

Drista, sensing the nervous atmosphere, cut in on the conversation.

"I can give him my place and sit in his," she said, which made her first place in George's ranking of favorite Thompsons even more secured. It's a pity that her mother was not convinced.

"No. Come on, you're delaying everything. Sit down."

And just like that George was seated next to probably the only person in the world that he had no desire to. Thank you very much for listening, fate. Their mothers knew very well that placing them next to each other was a recipe for a total disaster, but they did it anyway, so only they can be found guilty of the mayhem that their decision caused.

It took Clay only ten minutes to irritate George. At first, they both ate quietly and ignored each other, from time to time adding a sentence or two to the conversation at the table. Maybe it wasn't a perfect solution, and George wasn't one hundred percent comfortable, but hey, it was still bearable.

George was about to take another piece of chicken into his mouth, when something poked his leg under the table, which surprised him that much that he almost dropped the fork from his hand. He looked down and saw Clay's knee resting against his thigh. Okay, that will definitely be added on the list of the weirdest moments of his life. George would rather walk barefoot through some broken glass than talk to the blond, really, so instead of asking him to remove his leg, he simply pulled his own leg away.

Clay, however, did not get the allusion, and pushed his knee even further. Well, so much of George's peaceful plan. Time to move on to other methods. George looked around at the other people at the table, and when he noticed they were so engrossed in their conversations that they were not paying any attention to them, he proceeded to act. He leaned slightly towards Clay and whispered:

"Take your knee away."

Clay looked at him with raised eyebrows, and curled his lips into a slight smile.

"No."

"What do you mean no?"

"I have long legs, I need more space for them. You won't understand, you don't have this problem."

"Why are you the way you are?"

Clay shrugged lazily, and George decided it was time for his final, strongest move. He kicked Clay in the shin. The boy was so surprised that he practically jumped up in his chair, the fork in his suddenly relaxed hand swayed slightly threatening to fall, but Clay quickly tightened his grip. The blond looked at George with huge eyes, his look incredulous, lips no longer twisted in any smirk, but more into something shaped like the letter O. Oh, how George loved this sight.

"What is wrong with you?" hissed Clay. "It's an assault."

"Don't overreact, you're fine," George smiled broadly. "Besides, I heard demons regenerate quicker than humans. And if that doesn't work, I can always kiss little Clay's leg, so it would heal faster."

"You know where you can kiss me?" George leaned his face closer to him. "You can kiss my a-"

"What are you talking about, boys?" Mrs. Thompson's voice interrupted them suddenly.

"Oh, you know, mom," Clay continued to stare at George's face, his gaze intense. "School and stuff like that. Nothing important."

"Okay, sure. Continue your talk, I'm not disturbing you anymore," she gave them a radiant smile, clearly pleased with the fact, that they are talking and, definitely, not arguing, then returned to talking with George's mom.

Clay was still staring at him with annoyance, but after so many years of arguing with him, George had seen him much more mad, so it didn't make any impression on him. Something like that is nothing compared to the blond's a bit too sweet smile, which always meant only one thing - you're fucked George. George never wanted to see that smile again, much less the consequences that followed. The brunette decided that it would be safe to go back to ignoring the other boy. He gave him one last, triumphant smile, then turned around and went back to eating. Oh, little did he know that for Clay their battle was far from over.

Clay performed another attack, when George decided to put the rest of the salad on his plate from the bowl in the center of the table. He was already reaching for it, his hand was almost there, when suddenly another hand appeared out of nowhere and grabbed it from under his nose. George turned around quickly just to see Clay putting the rest of the salad on his plate, even though he still had a lot of it on it. And it may seem quite trivial, but knowing that the blonde did it just to annoy him was adding at least an extra 50 percent to George's irritation level. He wanted war? George will be happy to bring it to him.

George waited a moment for Clay to gain confidence and lose his alertness, then, as the other boy began to listen to their parents' conversation, he quickly started to attack. As fast as he could, he leaned towards Clay, and with his fork took two pieces of tomato from his plate. When the blonde turned around it was too late, George had already put both pieces in his mouth and, with a satisfied smile, began to chew them. George 2:1 Clay.

Clay, as George had suspected, went straight to the counterattack, grabbing his fork and trying to grab with it the last few leaves of lettuce lying on the brunet's plate. George quickly covered the side of the plate with his hand, and when the other boy tried to bypass the blockade, he grabbed his

wrist and pulled it down, under the table. Despite immobilization of one of his hands, Clay did not give up and with the other he tried to free it from the grip. As soon as George detected his intentions, he quickly took his other hand from the side of the plate and tried to pin the blond's hand to the table, but at the last moment Clay took it away. George didn't have time to slow down his hand, which made an arc and then hit Clay's glass of juice that fell over and poured all of its contents on the blonde's shirt. *Damn it*, why did every of his decisions have to end in a disaster?

Clay was silent, stunned, as he watched the orange stain forming on his light blue shirt, for 3 seconds, 4, 5, 6...

"GEORGE!" he suddenly exclaimed, and the eyes of everyone at the table focused on the two of them. "Look what you've done!"

"Me? You started it!"

"It was you who kicked me!"

"But it was you who-"

"Enough," George's mother cut them off firmly. "Calm down."

"Lucy is right, boys," Mrs. Thompson joined her. "Clay, go to the bathroom, quickly, and wash this stain. Come on, go."

Clay obediently got up and went into the bathroom, George relaxed a little. Then his mother's gaze fell on him.

"What are you looking at, George? Go with him, you have to help him get rid of it." George tried to cut in and refuse, but the woman cut him off. "I won't listen to any excuses. Go."

George got up from his chair and reluctantly started towards the hall, at the exit of the kitchen, out of the corner of his eye, noticing the amused look Drista was giving him. Well, at least she was having a good time. George tried to walk as slowly as possible, step by step, so that, perhaps by some miracle, Clay could finish washing the stain before he gets there. He was wrong yet again, because when he finally got to the blue tiled bathroom, Clay was still standing by the sink stubbornly scrubbing the stain on his shirt with a wet towel and some soap.

George cleared his throat awkwardly, and Clay looked up at him, his gaze immediately becoming sharp.

"What the hell do you want?" asked the blond.

"My mother told me to come and help you. Just ignore me and continue."

"Believe me, I wish it was that easy to do."

"It is easy." George leaned against the wall opposite the sink and crossed his arms on his chest. "I can ignore you without a problem, and don't you think that if only you learned to do that too, and stop starting arguments, we would avoid a lot of problems?"

"I'm starting? I?" Clay looked at him in disbelief. "Yeah, sure. It's not at all like you kicked me today or something..."

"You pressed your knee into my thigh!"

"I already told you that I was just uncomfortable, so I tilted my leg. That's all. No ulterior motive."

George rolled his eyes dramatically.

"Oh, even you don't believe, what you just said. You always have a motive."

"Please don't talk about me as if I were some bad guy from a shitty fantasy movie. Just accept the fact that you like to piss me off because then I give you more of my attention."

"What?!" screeched George, feeling blood rush to his face, which warmed and probably reddened his cheeks. "Now you've gone completely crazy! I don't give a damn about your attention."

"Sure." Clay drew out the vowels. "Not at all."

"If someone here is looking for someone else's attention, then it's you." Clay laughed softly. "You were the one, who started it by sticking your knee into my personal space."

"You act like a ten-year-old in whose vocabulary the biggest insult is "*no u*". Listen," he said and started walking towards the wall George was leaning against, standing centrally in front of him and leaning towards. "If only I could, I would never see your face again. There is nothing I want more."

"And vice versa, Satan."

"Oh, yeah?" Clay rested his right hand on the wall next to George's head. If it was meant to scare him, it didn't work, George looked at him blankly.

"Yeah," began George, but he wasn't able to finish, because suddenly three figures appeared in the bathroom door. George and Clay turned around and watched dumbfounded as their mothers and Drista looked at them with stunned glances. George could already feel the punishment that was waiting for him, another apology letter, or maybe, please God no, a cancellation of his meeting with Darryl, when it came to punishments for arguing with Clay, his mother was very creative. He was about to speak, say anything to break the awkward silence, but Clay's mother was quicker.

"I- We- We heard you raise your voices, so we came to see if everything was alright. We didn't mean to interrupt you..."

"Interrupt ...?" Clay sounded just as confused as George felt. "What do you mea-?"

"Oh my God!" Drista cut him off, her lips curled into a smile, her eyes widen. "Oh my God! We caught you making out! I cannot believe that I am witnessing that moment!"

"What?!" George exclaimed at the same time Clay screeched: "Making out?!"

"Drista!" Clay's mother gave her a scolding look, the girl looked back at her with false innocence.

"Sorry for interrupting. We're leaving already, don't mind us," George's mother said, and he could only watch in horror as the woman exchanged a meaningful smile and a knowing look with Mrs. Thompson. "Ah, I can't believe you guys were dating behind our backs and haven't told us anything!"

"Mom, there's nothing be-" George tried to speak, his tone full of desperation, but neither woman would listen to him.

"Relax, you don't have to explain yourself. Really," George's mother said.

"We are very happy for you," added Mrs. Thompson. "Well, we will leave you alone now. Come

on, Drista."

Mrs. Thompson left the bathroom, George's mother right behind her. Drista started walking towards the door as well, but when she reached it she turned her head to face them.

"By the way, you don't even know how much I shipped you guys. Jesus, I'm so happy!"

With these words, the girl left the room, leaving George and Clay alone, speechless. There was a dull silence for a good five minutes, which was finally broken by Clay.

"We... are fucked," he said and it was probably the first time that George have ever agreed with him.

#### Chapter End Notes

First of all, I'd like to thank you all so so so much for all the kind words and encouragements. I'm really happy that you liked the first chapter and I hope that you will also like the rest of it <3

Thank you very much for reading this chapter. You can leave kudos and/or comments if you want to.

Love and appreciate you all,  
Emy.

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# The Master Plan

## Chapter Notes

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Almost twenty-four hours had passed since the dinner incident, but George still couldn't look his mother in the eyes. It is possible that the fear that he felt, when thinking of another conversation about his alleged relationship with Clay was a normal reaction, which followed after someone's mother told herself that she had caught them secretly making out with their worst enemy. George had no way of finding out though, because he didn't know anyone stupid and unfortunate enough to get themselves in a situation like that. Why has this happened to him?

George had spent the rest of the yesterday's dinner, all evening and also almost the whole Saturday avoiding talking to other people. Each time the boy felt his mother's eyes on his face, a treacherous blush would creep in, which made the situation even worse. His mother probably thought he was cutely embarrassed, when in fact he was just terrified that he won't find a way to get out of this. He tried to talk to her, he really did, but when she told him, for probably the fifth time in a row or something, that she didn't blame him for hiding his relationship with Clay, and that she understood why they did that, and also, which is even worse, that they made a good couple, George just gave up and moved on to the Plan B - he locked himself up in his room and only went out when no one was home.

However, this plan, as probably every other one, did not work out, because when in the evening he tried to sneak into the kitchen and get himself something to eat for supper, his mother was already waiting for him there. As soon as George saw her, the book in her hand, the tea on the table in front of her, the glasses on her eyes, he froze in place. The best way out of the situation would probably be to withdraw, but by the time his dumbfounded brain could process the information and come to that conclusion, it was too late - the woman looked up, directly at him. *Damn his fucking luck.*

"Georgie!" exclaimed the woman, cutting the boy's thoughts about taking advantage of her surprise and running out before she realizes what just happened short. "It's nice to finally see you. You spent the whole day in your room. Everything's okay?"

"Yeah, mom. I was just resting, you know how tiring school can be. I'm enjoying my Saturday, chilling..." Yeah..." Even in his own ears, his voice didn't sound even a little bit convincing.

"Ah, sure..." The woman drew out the vowels. "And it has nothing at all to do with what happened yesterday?"

"Mom! How many times do I have to tell you that nothing happened?"

George gave her a pleading look that clearly said "*please, believe me.*" The woman seemed to understand his message, when after a moment her gaze grew serious and her smile faded slightly.

"George," she said and gestured to the chair in front of her, motioning for him to sit down there.

George did as she wanted. "This will probably sound like typical parent talk, but..." she paused for a moment. "But I was a teenager too, and I know it's really hard and that you value your privacy very much. What I want to say is that, I will stop talking about the Clay thing, and wait when you're finally ready to talk about it. Remember, I am always here for you, and I am very, very glad about your relationship. I hope you both will be happy."

George watched in awe as his mother misinterpreted the situation once again. He wanted to scream, argue, yell, do anything to finally make her realize how wrong she was. Yet, something about the gentle expression on her face, her warm, understanding words, and sincere joy in the tone of her voice, when she told him she was glad about his relationship, made him unable to do so. George's heart and brain had clearly started a war over what he should do. While his mind screamed to get out of it as soon as possible, his heart whispered to him that he didn't want to upset his mother and ruin her day, maybe even her whole week.

George had probably never felt this conflicted before. He felt that he was short of air, that the ground was slowly sliding from under his feet. He had to breathe, he had to think about everything, he had to leave, he had to... He quickly jumped up from his chair, which swayed slightly behind him, threatening to fall to the ground.

"I... I need some air," he gasped, and with these words he quickly ran to put on his shoes and a hoodie, then he opened the door and went outside, into the cool evening.

The hard blow of cold, moist air that filled his lungs with a sweet, refreshing breeze, making him finally able to relax, was exactly what he needed. He sucked it through his mouth and nose, inhaling deeply, then exhaling, and all over again. By using this technique, after just a few minutes, he was able to breathe calmly and keep his hands from shaking uncontrollably. If only his tangled thoughts were so easy to calm down...

It was difficult to reconcile two such contradictory thoughts - get out of this strange relationship situation with Clay without hurting and disappointing his mother, who hasn't been *that* happy in a long time. His words had failed him so many times that George didn't even feel like trying to do anything with them anymore, to fix it he had to try harder, take some other measures. There had to be a way out this that would get everything back to normal without hurting anyone, right? Certainly he will come up with something eventually. For sure he-

Suddenly, somewhere in the dark, there was a sound of the door opening and closing, which ranged through the silence around, and made George jump in surprise. The boy quickly turned around, convinced that one of his parents had decided to go outside to see where he had gone, but when he did that, he only encountered darkness. If it wasn't one of them, then who would decide to leave their house at such late hour? George looked around and got his answer - Clay was standing in front of his house, his light green hoodie seemed to reflect the glow from the street lights surrounding them, his face looked thoughtful.

A meeting with the blond was probably the last thing that George wanted to do that evening, so, figuring out that hiding from his parents in his bedroom was a far more interesting thing to do, he decided to stealthily come back inside before Clay notices him. He was already at the door, he was already putting his hand on the handle to open it and escape to a safer, more comfortable world, in which he would be able to at least pretend that everything was fine, when suddenly he heard a loud voice from behind.

"Ah, Georgie," called Clay, the brunet swallowed heavily. "Fancy to see you here. We need to talk."

"I don't think that we-" he began, but the blond was already walking towards him, his steps quick

and confident, then he stood centrally in front of him, his arms crossed over his chest, his gaze hard. "I don't think that we have anything to talk about, if I'm being honest," he finally said, but his tone carried no strength behind it.

Clay simply rolled his eyes, unfazed by his protests.

"Yeah? To me, it seems that we currently have a common problem that we should talk about, don't you think? Come on, we will go for a walk," he said, and, without asking George's permission, he grabbed his bare wrist and pulled him along.

George's skin seemed to burn with living fire in the place where Clay has pressed his hand against it. The dark-haired boy perfectly felt all the nerves in his hand, which, the closer they were to where their hands were joined, seemed to burn and pierce with more and more force. He felt as if he had put it in the fire, and now he watched with sick fascination as it burned, unable to tear his eyes off it. *I'm just shocked*, thought George, *shocked that this asshole was cheeky enough to make me follow him like that*. The fact that neither of them had been that close to the other ever since their mothers tried to force, I'm sorry *encourage*, them to play together, when they were kids, definitely did not make it easier for him.

"Could you?" asked George, and moved his hand significantly.

"No," replied Clay, a teasing smirk creeping across his lips. George did not share his amusement, so he tried to use force and just move the blonde's hand away from his wrist. Clay turned out to be more cunning and strong though, and only tightened his grip. "You have no chance."

"Why are you dragging me with you?"

"We need to talk."

George looked at him with disbelief written all over his face.

"About what?"

"About our relationship, duh," said Clay, the tone of his voice sounded like it should have been obvious. George choked on his own saliva, and stopped short.

"Our what!?" he exclaimed, feeling his cheeks flush red and his eyes widen dramatically. He must have looked like a huge tomato, but he didn't care.

"Don't look at me like that." Clay didn't seem concerned with his outburst at all, a lazy smile still on his face. "I meant the relationship that our parents think we are in. We need to talk about it."

"Ah, yeah." George hadn't felt so stupid in a very long time. "So... what about it?"

"I don't know about you, but I've spent the last 24 hours trying to explain to my mother and sister that we are not together. As you can guess, neither of them was listening to me. They..." He paused for a moment, then began in a softer voice that George had never heard from him before. "They both seem so happy. I'm afraid that I won't be able to endure it, and I'll eventually explode, which will break their hearts.

"It's quite similar with my mom. I... have no idea, what to do. I can't think of anything for probably the first time in my life, I have nothing. There is simply no good way out of it, no matter what we do."

After his words, a silence fell between them, every now and then broken by a louder breeze.

"What if I told you I have a plan?" Clay said suddenly, George looked at him in surprise.

"Then I'd tell you that I'd love to hear it."

"What if I added that you won't like it?"

George sighed, irritated.

"Then I'd tell you that any plan is better than no plan at all. Come one, just say it."

"I think that the best way out of this situation is to give them what they want." George gave him a confused look. "We should tell them they are right about us being together."

"What?!" exclaimed George, his level of disbelief and shock was for sure over the limit. "Are you fucking drunk, Satan?"

"No. Just listen to me," replied the boy, his tone strong and confident. George closed his mouth. "I mean, we should tell them they were right, act for a few weeks, then tell them we didn't get along and broke up or something. We will add, of course, that we are still good friends or some other sentimental shit, and it will all be over. Easy."

"It's a... surprisingly good plan. Our parents will for sure buy it, and after we break up, they won't be so sad if we tell them we're on good terms now."

"Now it's a good time for you to call me a genius, Georgie." The lazy, annoying smirk returned to Clay's face.

"In your dreams, Satan."

Clay laughed softly, and then a pleasant silence fell between them. George looked up, towards the sky, towards the stars and the infinity, and silently begged the universe for this plan to succeed. He fixed on it so much that at first he didn't notice Clay say his name, and wave his hand in front of his face.

"Earth to George," said the blond. "If this is supposed to work, we have to come up with some rules."

"Ah, yeah, you do it, it's your plan, so you've had time to think about it."

"So, as I told you before, the plan is that we tell them we are dating, we act for a couple of weeks, then we say we broke up, but we'll still be friends. In the meantime, we're doing some lovey doveystuff - hand holding, some pet names, etc. And then boom, we're free! Deal?"

George sighed reluctantly, feeling like he was signing a pact with the devil. What an irony, all his life he called Clay *Satan*, not knowing, what will happen to him one day.

"Deal," he said, even though his whole body was loudly protesting.

Clay finally released his wrist from the grip, and offered him his hand. George shook it.

"Deal," the blond repeated.

"I even have a pet name for you already." George gave him a smug smile.

"Yeah? Tell me."

"Satan."

"Amendment to our contract - stop calling me that."

"Only if you stop calling me Georgie."

Clay looked outraged by his condition.

"But Georgie's a cute nickname, it fits perfectly." George looked at him, his gaze firm. "Okay, I'll stop. So from today on, I'll be calling you... Honeykins!"

"Don't you even fucking dare, Sa- Clay."

\*\*\*

Coming home about five minutes later, George was able to only think about one thing. *What the fuck, he thought, have I just agreed to?*

#### Chapter End Notes

Hello! Thank you for all the support, the kudos and the comments. They really do mean a lot to me, and always make my day so much better <3

I wanted to post this chapter yesterday, but my day went, well... not very good, and I decided to not force myself and just do it the next day. I'm fine now though!

As always, feel free to point out any mistakes if you see them.

Thank you very much for reading this chapter. You can leave kudos and/or comments if you want to.

Lots of virtual hugs,  
Emy.

[My Tumblr](#)

# Interrogation

## Chapter Notes

**STATEMENT:** If any of the included creators state that they're not comfortable with that type of content, this work will be deleted. Please, let me know if I miss anything. This is only a work of fiction.

Sooo, I was supposed to upload this chapter tomorrow, but I got absorbed into translating and editing, and I finished it today, so have a nice time reading. It's probably my most favourite at this point! <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George had probably never heard his mother squeal as loud as she did when he told her that she was right about his relationship with Clay. When George decided the night before that he would talk to his parents as soon as he got home from the walk, he knew his mother would be completely mad with happiness, but nothing could have prepared him for the scale of that. As soon as the sentence: *"Yes, we are together, but it's a very new thing and we didn't know what to do, and how to tell you about it, and then everything got really complicated,"* left his mouth, now he can't believe that he was able to say it without twisting his face in pain, the woman jumped out of the armchair she was sitting in, and hugged him tightly. She was so shocked by his news that at first she was unable to utter any coherent sentence, which did not prevent her from screaming indistinctly in George's ear.

George looked pleadingly at his father, but the man just laughed at him, shaking his head slightly. So, the boy was doomed to ten minutes of constant listening to yells like: *"I'm so happy!"*, *"I knew it!"* and *"Yes!"*, which were luckily finally cut off by the sound of his mother's phone ringing. The woman pulled away from him, took the phone in her hand and said: *"It's Betty!"*, then she answered the call. When she put all her interest into the conversation, George decided that this was the perfect opportunity to get out of there and run to his room, where, as he hoped, the woman would not go to torture him any further. With great emphasis on *he hoped*.

His father, as if he have sensed his intentions, looked at him, smiled, and in a tone low enough that the boy's mother would not hear him, said: *"Go, go, it's been a long day. Don't worry about mom, I'll stop her somehow if she wants to go pester you again."* Has George already mentioned how much he treasured his father sometimes? The dark-haired boy smiled back, said a short *"Thanks, Dad"*, and was about to leave, when the man added: *"By the way, because thanks to your mother's never ending talk I haven't had a chance yet, I am also very happy about your relationship."* George should have gotten an Oscar for the fake smile that he was able to make instead of the grimace of pain and anxiety that his body tried to make him make after hearing his father's words.

A few minutes later, when George was in his bed, covered in warm sheets, ineptly trying to find a comfortable position to lie down and sleep, the thoughts full of uncertainty were even harder to ignore, but the boy pushed them away as hard as he could. He was just in the process of trying not to think about the possibility that maybe Clay had offered it all just to taunt him, and then deny it all, when suddenly there was a soft knock on the door, which, after a moment, ducked to reveal his mother. George tried to make the painful grimace that he felt his face make at the mere thought of continuing to listen to the woman's talk, disappear as soon as it appeared, but he rather failed

because the woman's first words were:

"Don't worry, I'm not here to torture you again." The boy sighed and then laughed, and the woman joined him almost immediately. "I just wanted to say that I spoke to Betty and we thought about having a little friendly meeting for a movie tomorrow. What do you think?"

"Oh, sure, mom. That sounds nice." George smiled at her slightly.

"Lovely!" Her voice rose slightly, making her grimace and glance behind herself. "I can't be loud, I told your father that from now on I would leave you alone. He thinks I'm in the bathroom now, fool." She laughed quietly, making her best impression of an evil laugh. "He underestimates my power and cunningness."

"Lucy, darling!" Suddenly, a male voice was heard from down the stairs.

"Shit," his mother whispered, her gaze widening, George laughed loudly. "I'm coming, honey!"

After these words, she smiled at him one last time and closed the door. He could hear as she ran down the stairs quickly. In moments like that, George was able to clearly feel how deeply he loved his parents.

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The next afternoon, George sat on the right side of the fairly comfortable black couch in the Thompson's living room, silent Clay next to him, in the center, and next to the blond, at the other end, smiling from ear to ear, sat Drista. The teens sat in silence while their parents argued over, which movie to watch: a boring romantic comedy or an even more boring action movie. George didn't want to watch any of them, but he knew better than to interfere. It was better to keep quiet if you didn't want to listen to their complaints and attempts to get you sided with them. He still remembered making that mistake once. The very thought made him shudder slightly, which made Clay shot him a questioning look, which George just ignored.

Their parents were just entering the second phase of the discussion, the one in which they began to throw at each other the weirdest of arguments, which the farther they went, the less sense they made, when Drista decided to interrupt them. She leaned forward, lifted her head up, and when she saw George looking at her, she smiled at him broadly.

"And I have a better offer," she said, making the heads of everyone in the room turn towards her. "We should talk about the hot news!"

"*The hot news?* What news, Drista?" Clay asked her, for which George, which he will never admit, was a little grateful, because he also was quite perplexed by her words.

"About your relationship, duh." The girl pointed at them with two fingers of her left hand, and nodded slightly, when she noticed their horrified expressions. "Come on, spill. How did it even happen? One day I hear you yell at each other, and the next you suddenly make out in the bathroom. I don't know about you," she looked at their parents, "but I would surely love to hear the beautiful story about how it all happened."

"There's nothing to talk about," stated Clay at the same time that George said: "It's nothing special, really." They looked at each other with wide eyes, wordlessly asking each other the same question: why the hell hadn't they thought about making up some credible backstory? Finally, after a dozen or so seconds of staring at each other, George forced a slight smile on his face, then pointed at the other boy with a wave of his hand, and said to him: "You tell her, *Clay*."

The blond returned his smile, but the look he gave him was far from happy. George wanted to laugh, but somehow managed to hold back, and keep a look full of artificial innocence on his face.

"Just like Gogy said." George winced at the new pet name that Clay had for him, they will definitely have to discuss it later. "Nothing special. Simply, a few days ago we both realized our true feelings for each other, and we both didn't know what to do with them, because you know we've been conflicted for so many years and stuff. Well, now it's all okay, we talked about it and we're together. End of the story."

George was impressed that Clay managed to say it all and sound genuinely happy, without any glimmer of inner pain and annoyance, that the dark-haired boy saw in his eyes as soon as the boy turned around to look at him again. Clay looked as if he wanted to drink boiling water just to get rid of the taste of the words that he had just said. George couldn't blame him, he would probably feel the same.

After staring at each other with Clay for a moment, George finally raised his eyebrows a little, and turned his head so that his gaze fell on Drista, who was nodding her head vigorously. The girl looked as if Clay had just confirmed all of her theories.

"Yeah, that makes so much sense," she said, and George let out a little huff of laughter, it didn't make *any* sense, the boy thought that Drista knew them well enough that she would never believe such a thing. Well, apparently he was wrong. Suddenly, George felt someone grab his hand, and lace their fingers together, squeezing them a little too tightly. The boy looked up at Clay, who was already staring at him, his eyes giving a silent warning for George to stop behaving recklessly. If he wants him to act better, George will gladly cooperate. "And please tell me," Drista added to her earlier statement, "when did you start to suspect that you have caught feelings for the other?"

"Few weeks ago," Clay said casually, then looked at George, and raised an eyebrow slightly as he waited for him to answer. Oh, darling, get ready for a hell of a ride.

George pretended to think deeply about it for a moment, then grinned and announced: "I think deep down in my heart I have known this for a few years." Clay's surprised little gasp was quickly drowned out by all the *aww*'s from Drista and their mothers. "But how can you not fall in love with him, though? Tall, handsome, blond, just plain perfect!" George gave the other boy a wide smile, then lifted their clasped hands and placed them in his lap, drawing everyone's attention to them. Clay squeezed his fingers tightly, but the dark-haired boy only squeezed back in response.

"Aww, that's so sweet!" Drista looked at them with warm, cheerful eyes. "Okay, another question - have you kissed yet?"

"Drista," Clay exclaimed at the same time his mother did.

The girl put on an innocent face and replied: "Okay, okay. You guys were making out in the bathroom two days ago, so I have my answer anyway. Next question - have you been on a date yet?"

"No," Clay said simply.

"What?" Drista looked at him with faux irritation, and slapped him lightly on the shoulder, then turned her gaze to George and gave him a knowing look. "You need to change that, Clay. I'm sure George would love you to take him somewhere. Right, George?"

"Totally." George looked back at her, punching Clay's arm lightly with his fist, then placed his hand on it and squeezed, as if in reassurance. The boy noticed how big the blond's arm was

compared to his hand. *Bloody athlete*, he thought. He chose to ignore his little discovery, though, it's not as if he cared about it even a bit, and that it was appealing to him, nope, *never*.

"We'll talk about it later, okay?" Clay brought his hand to George's knee, which he completely covered, then squeezed lightly. George felt a slight blush creep on his face. The gesture was so freaking intimate, they were in front of people, in front of their own damn parents. On the blond, however, it didn't seem to make any impression, he just sent him a broad, smug smile. This goddamn idiot knew how to act to get a reaction out of him, he was fully aware of what he was doing.

"Perfect."

"So, my next question is—" began Drista, but she was cut short by Mrs. Thompson.

"That's enough, Drista," announced the woman and gave the boys an apologetic smile. "Stop your interrogation, don't bother them anymore."

"Okay. I will stop," the girl said in a faux sad tone, then turned around to George and Clay and gave them a smirk. "I will stop for now is what I mean of course."

Her mother just rolled her eyes slightly. "Okay, we forgot that we met here to watch a movie," she said. "What are we going to watch: a romantic comedy or," she put on an overly disgusted face, "an action movie?"

"I have a better idea," Clay interrupted her. "Let's just watch the fifth episode of Star Wars."

"Seriously, Clay? You've watched it like a hundred times."

"So what, mom? It's a great movie. George agrees and wants to watch it too. Right, George?"

"Eh, yeah, sure," George replied, making Clay clap his hands.

"So, it's settled, we're watching Empire Strikes Back! Thanks, babe."

The use of the pet name, and the casual tone of Clay's voice while he was saying it, made the red blush creeping slowly onto George's cheeks and nose even worse. He was hyperaware of the fact that all the people in the room have heard it, even his freaking parents. George decided he had to get back for it.

The opportunity to pay Clay back came somewhere in the middle of the movie they were watching, when George felt Drista's eyes on him, who stared at the gap between the boys' bodies that got made after Clay stopped holding George's hand earlier, and shook her head disapprovingly. George replied with a smile and a nod, making it clear that he knew very well, what she meant, then he leaned slightly and rested his cheek on the blond's shoulder. Clay gave him a quick glance, the unspoken question evident in his look, but George was busy with pulling the boy's arm away from his body to put both his arms around it, and cuddle up to it, so he just decided not to answer it. His plan worked, and after a moment George was in a position where he was pressed closely against Clay's side and arm. When he looked back at Drista, she stealthily showed him two thumbs up.

George pressed his face tightly against the blond's shoulder. When he breathed, he could clearly feel the boy's smell, vanilla and orange, which, however, like all of the Clay's other "*good*" features, he decided to add to the list named: "*don't ever think about it again*." After a moment, Clay leaned in as well, setting his cheek against George's hair and rubbing it slightly. George smiled, he forced the blond's reaction, a point for him.

"What are you doing?" Clay asked him after a moment, his face sliding a bit towards the brunet's ear, his voice lowered to a whisper.

"I'm hugging my boyfriend, what does it look like to you?"

"You know very well what I meant." Even though George couldn't see Clay's face, he knew that the boy was rolling his eyes at him. "Why are you doing this?"

"Why am I doing this? Because I love him very much, of course, and I can't stand being away from him." George had a lot of fun with saying such things in an innocent, obvious tone of voice.

"Ah, how sweet. And seriously?"

"And seriously, your sister was looking at us and I had to do something."

"Okay, but does it have to be hugging?"

"Yes," George replied briefly, then changed their position, placing the blond's arm behind his head, and then wrapping his own arms around his torso, and cuddling closer to him. "Now shut up and watch your movie."

"You're the biggest pain in the ass of my life, you know that?"

"Shush."

Clay shut up at last, and contented with that, George nestled against him farther, pressing even tighter against the heat that radiated from him. After a moment, he felt Clay's arms wrap around him, his hands resting on his back, where they began to rub light circles. George hasn't felt that good, comfortable and warm for a long time. Like that he could sit even for a whole day, not that he was going to do that though, he would have to ask Clay for it, and that will never happen, *never*. Maybe, after all, there were some pros to this whole pretend plan besides getting out of the problem and making their parents happy?

Speaking of parents, George shifted his head a little and opened his eyes, searching for the armchair that his mother was sitting in. The dark-haired boy discovered that the woman was already looking at him, a wide smile on her face, a warm glow in her eyes, as she whispered something in the ear of Mrs. Thompson, who was sitting in the armchair next to hers. When his mother saw George looking at her as well though, she focused her full attention on him. Not wanting to interrupt their conversation, which he suspected was about him and Clay, George gave her a quick, slight smile, then he returned to cuddling to the blond. His mother looked so damn happy. Clay's plan was working, at least for now.

## Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for reading and for all your comments and kudos under the last chapter! I am so glad that you all seem to love this fic as much as I do. It's sometimes a bit overwhelming, but in the best possible way <3

I had so much fun while writing this chapter, omg! I was constantly smiling and laughing. This fanfiction makes me so freaking happy!

As always, do tell me if you see any mistakes.

Remember to stay hydrated and get enough sleep.

Love you all very much,

Emy.

Lovely @wanderlaurst (I hope you don't mind me mentioning you, if you do then let me know, and I will change that) gave me an idea to reactivate my twitter account and give updates there, and I think it's a very good thing to do, so I'll start doing that now. You can go there and follow me if you want to!

[My Twitter - March Emy](#)

PS: I think my cat wants to say hi to you all, because he won't leave me alone, while I'm writing this note.

## Lunch

### Chapter Notes

**STATEMENT:** If any of the included creators state that they're not comfortable with that type of content, this work will be deleted. Please, let me know if I miss anything. This is only a work of fiction.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Monday morning sun found George sitting with a grave face, and arms crossed on his chest, in the passenger seat of Clay's car, who was driving with a beaming smile on his lips. How did he get there? Well, the answer was simple, his own car decided to fail him at the worst possible moment, and for some reason didn't start, even though George tried to do it ten times. After seeing his failure, Clay, like the great boyfriend he was, the fact that that day he was taking Drista with him had no influence on his decision of course, decided to give him a ride. The only good thing to this whole situation was that neither of them started any chatting while driving, because they were all busy with their own things - Drista was texting a friend, from time to time, laughing lightly, Clay focused on the driving, while George looked out the window, and pretended that he wasn't there.

Upon reaching the school, Drista was the first to jump out of the car, quickly saying a short: "Bye Clay! Bye George!", and vigorously walking away, towards the building. George envied her energy, despite the early hour he felt as if he was about to fall to the ground and fall asleep. Sighing miserably, George stepped out of the car, and Clay did the same, matching his pace with him and walking beside him. The dark-haired boy gave him a questioning look and raised an eyebrow, but the other boy just smiled. George was in the process of rolling his eyes at him, when his attention was caught by a person standing nearby, *Darryl*, with a shocked and surprised expression on his face. Oh God, George had so much explaining to do.

He walked quickly towards his best friend, Clay was still following him for some unknown reason, mentally thinking about how to even start this conversation. His panicked brain wasn't in the best shape though, so when he got close, and stood in front of him, he said:

"Hi, Darryl." So very brilliant of him.

"Hi?" replied Darryl, but it sounded more like a question. "Something happened? Since when does Clay drive you to school?"

"Oh, since he became my boyfriend," Clay suddenly said out of nowhere, and George finally understood why he had followed him - to make his life more difficult once again, *excellent*. Darryl froze, paralyzed by shock, his lips curled into a big "*o*", and eyes widened to the size of ping-pong balls. George turned around, giving the blond a piercing look, but he, as usual, only smiled at him brightly. "It's time for me to go," the boy said. "You guys keep talking. See you, babe!" And with these words, he walked away towards the building, and George could only stare speechless at his retreating silhouette.

"*Boyfriend..? Babe..?*" muttered Darryl, George looked back at him and smiled awkwardly. "What the muffin have you done this time, George?"

"We may have accidentally made our mothers think that we were dating, and then we both agreed

to start fake dating, so we could break up and get out of it in few weeks. Yeah, maybe..."

"George! You're going to kill each other. What were you thinking, you silly muffin head?"

"Don't worry, I have it under control. I guess..."

"Oh, you made all my worries go away with that sentence, George."

"You're welcome! Okay, let's go to the first period."

"Are you in such a hurry, because you want to see your boyfriend? Do you miss him already?

"Ugh," George groaned, he completely forgot that he and Clay shared two periods everyday.

"Don't even remind me."

"I hope you are aware that I will never let you forget about it, huh?"

George wanted to lie down on the concrete pavement and not get up, and maybe also hit his head against it few times. Ah, it's going to be a really tough day.

\*\*\*

The first periods passed quickly and painlessly. Usually, he would probably complain about the boredom and the monotony, but that day he was too tired of the morning stress to care if anything interesting was happening. The absence of events was a blessing, because it meant that Clay wasn't sticking his nose into his business anymore, that when it was the time for their shared English period, the blond, as always, ignored him. Even the teasing jokes that Darryl said to him from time to time, were starting to make him laugh more than to irritate. George even thought that if everything continued to be like this, he would somehow survive all the time he had left before the drive home. And then, of course, everything went fucking downhill.

George has always had lunch with Darryl and some of their mutual colleagues, at the table by the side of the cafeteria, under a big window, which gave them a perfect view of the school parking lot crowded with cars. It was there that they ate their food, talking about everything, and laughing like crazy, which often drew the attention of the other students that were passing by. George loved lunchtime, so he hoped that as soon as he would be at his table, and complain a bit about his awful day, broken car and tiredness, it would cheer him up. Unfortunately, he would have to skip the Clay thing, if their plan was to work well, they shouldn't walk around the school, spreading the word that everything was fake. Besides, in their school relationship dynamic, nothing had changed anyway, they continued to avoid and ignore each other, George had no intention of informing anyone about their relationship status, because there was no reason to do this.

George and Darryl just left the food queue with their trays, and were on their way to their table, talking about the math test that they would be supposed to write next week, when the dark-haired boy heard someone say his name, and felt them tap their finger on his shoulder. The boy turned around, and saw Drista smiling at him from ear to ear, who, as soon as she noticed his gaze, made a faux offended face.

"Hi, George. Hi, Darryl," she said, rising one of her eyebrows up. "Where do you think you're going?"

"Hello, Drista," replied George, the tone of his voice questioning. Darryl said a short, happy: "*Hi!*". "To our table? We always eat there."

"Oh, no, no, no, no. You will eat with us today!" She pointed to one of the tables at which there

were already sitting, and talking vigorously, Clay and few of his friends, including his best friend and soccer teammate - Sapnap. George tried to protest, but Drista cut him off, adding: "No excuses, come on. And please don't tell me Clay didn't invite you to eat with us."

"Well..." George drew out the vowel, and stopped his sentence, staring pleadingly at Darryl, asking him wordlessly to cut in and help him. His friend, however, pretended not to notice. *Let's wait until you want me to come with you and Rat to the vet*, thought George, *we'll see what you'll do then*. George knew very well that he would never be able to say no to him, but it was nice to pretend otherwise.

"What?!" Drista looked indignant. "I can't believe he didn't. He's as dense as a brick. He should be glad that he has me, and that I'm thinking for him. Drista to the rescue." She shook her head disapprovingly.

"Everything is fine, Drista, really. He probably forgot to do it, but that's okay, we'll just go eat where we usually do and-"

"Nope. No way," the girl cut him off. "You eat with us and that's it. I do not accept a *"no"* to my invitation. Come on, we don't want to talk through the whole lunch break." With that, she turned around and walked back to the table, leaving George and Darryl to follow her with surprised expressions on their faces. It was impossible to win against Drista in a verbal fight.

The first thing Drista did when she reached the table was a slight slap on Clay's head, which quickly distracted him from the conversation at the table. The blond looked up at his younger sister, who in the situation where she was standing and he was sitting, towered over him, and twisted his face in an offended expression. Apparently, he hadn't noticed George and Darryl standing awkwardly yet.

"Ouch, Drista. What was that for?" he asked, clearly confused.

"For being a forgetful idiot," she said matter-of-factly. It drew the attention of everyone else around the table, who looked at her as questioningly as Clay did.

"*Forgetful*"? What have I forgotten about?"

"Oh, for example, about inviting your boyfriend and his best friend to eat lunch at our table. How could've you, Clay?"

Clay, to be completely honest, made a face full of pure, deep shock. He looked away from Drista, shifting his gaze to the blushing George, widening his eyes, and softly said: "Oh." It caught the attention of the rest of the people, who did the same, looking questioningly between Clay and George. Only Sapnap didn't seem to be concerned about the whole situation, he sat there chewing his food quietly, giving George a lazy smile, when he looked at him. Well, George was sure now that Clay had shared the information about their fake relationship with his best friend.

"How could've you indeed, Clay?" Sapnap finally spoke, breaking the awkward silence, and snapping Clay out of his astonishment. "You're a shitty boyfriend, I don't know what George sees in you." Clay looked at him, offended. "By the way, hey George, hey, Darryl. Sit down, we have a lot of space here."

"Exactly, sit down. Move over, Clay, make some room for George next to you. You Alex too, move closer to Karl. Yes, that's okay," they were instructed by Drista. "Sit down, please."

Darryl sat down first, cheerfully greeting the rest of the people and smiling at them broadly,

George after a while, reluctantly, did the same, settling between him and Clay, who immediately threw his arms around him, not even letting him greet anyone.

"Oh, forgive me, George!" he said in an exaggeratedly dramatic tone, drawing him even closer.  
"How could've I forgot? What can I do to make you forgive me?"

"Stop making a scene and screaming, people are looking at us." Several of the people sitting at the surrounding tables did in fact turn their attention to them, drawn by Clay's loud exclams. They watched fascinated as the star of their soccer team was asking his "*boyfriend*" for forgiveness. George completely forgot about the popularity of the blond in school, knowing his luck, until tomorrow the whole school will be talking about their relationship. And everything was going so well...

"And that's all you want?" Clay asked him, relaxing the hug slightly.

"Yes."

"Ah, you're the best. Thanks, babe."

Clay released him at last, and George turned around to face Darryl, wordlessly pleading for his help, but the boy only whispered with a broad, teasing smile: "*babe, huh?*" George got even more mad, if Clay wanted good acting and pushing boundaries, he'd be happy to give it to him. He turned towards the blond, and said in a sweet tone:

"Oh, I simply cannot be angry with you for long." Then he leaned in, and lightly brushed his lips against Clay's cheek. Neither of them had said anything about the kissing while making their deal, so George assumed that if it was affecting Clay's comfort zone, the boy would've just mentioned it then, but he haven't, so it was fine. Probably.

Clay looked speechless as George gave him a small, smug smile, when he noticed the pink creeping on his cheeks. He felt great satisfaction at finally getting to Clay, while everyone else was looking. Exactly, *everyone*. George looked away at the other people at the table, who's faces were a mixture of emotions: from the slight smiles on the faces of Drista, Sapnap and Darryl, to Alex's and Karl's dumbfounded gazes. George felt himself blush, *damn it*.

"Oh, my God, get a room," Sapnap finally announced, effectively getting them out of their dumbfounded silence, making everyone laugh, even George.

"I only have one question," said Alex, still laughing. "How did it even happen? I thought you hated each other. Clay has told us many times, how much he would like to-

"Alex!" He was interrupted by Clay, who clearly wanted to avoid this conversation, so George wouldn't hear, what he was talking about him behind his back. George had to admit that Alex's words piqued his interest.

"What did he say?" he asked Alex, who gave him a conspiratorial smirk.

"Lots of things," the boy began, and Clay groaned in embarrassment. Oh, this will be interesting. "For example, a few weeks ago, he threatened that he would finally lose it, and toss you into that marble fountain behind the school, when it turned out that he couldn't go to the party, because his mom said that if you weren't going, then he didn't have to either. Or this thing some time ago, when you ruined his date with Becca." Alex laughed out loud, and the rest of the people at the table, except for Clay, who looked like he was regretting all the decisions he had made so far in his life, joined him. "He had spent the entire week plotting a revenge plan! He even had a pros and cons list

for each option.

"I don't know what you're laughing at, George," Darryl suddenly interrupted. "You weren't any better."

"Darryl..." George tried to stop him from doing what he was about to do, but it was too late. Darryl caught the attention of the rest of the people.

"Well, we'd love to hear about it," Sapnap said cheerfully, and that was apparently all Darryl needed to start talking.

"Let's start with the fact that George was arguing with Clay so much, and complaining about him at home so often, that his mother once started a thing she called "*I did something bad letters*". Every time he said something horribly bad to, or about Clay, his mother made him write a long letter in which he apologized for his bad behavior, and promised he wouldn't do it again. He wrote eight letters before he was able to convince his mother to stop."

"You're bringing back some unpleasant memories, Darryl..." George interrupted.

"Okay, so I'd move on to another situation," Darryl announced, from the tone of his voice and the width of his smile, George could clearly tell that the thing he was going to say would be even worse. "A few years ago he tried to make a voodoo doll of Clay."

"Wait," Clay said. "You did what, George?"

"Nothing, let's eat! We're just wasting our time."

"But-" Darryl tried to speak.

"Enjoy your meal," George interrupted him, cutting off the conversation. All he wanted now was for the earth to open up and swallow him, saving him from this awkward situation. The amused smile Clay was giving him, while raising his eyebrows, and whispering: "*a voodoo doll?*", didn't make him feel any better. George kicked the blond boy in the shin, watching his face quickly turn from happy to irritated. Yes, so much better.

George was grateful to everyone for not pursuing the subject further, and letting a comfortable silence stretch over them, while they ate their meals in peace. He focused on eating his slice of salami pizza, feeling Clay's left hand lightly nudge his thigh from time to time, what, for some reason, didn't bother him at all. Honestly, it was even kind of nice, the feeling that someone else was next to you. Or rather, it *would* be nice, if it wasn't Clay, but someone else who really cared about him. This, however, for now remained only a dream.

"Oh, yeah," Darryl suddenly spoke to him, breaking him out of his thoughts. "Can we postpone our movie night from Friday to Saturday? On Friday my grandmother is coming, and knowing her she will keep talking to us until midnight or something. Sorry, but there's nothing I can do."

"Relax, no problem. Saturday works for me, really." He gave him a smile, Darryl sighed in relief, and then returned it.

"It's actually great," Clay announced out of nowhere. "So you're free Friday evening?"

"Erm, yeah? Why?"

"I'm taking you on a date."

"Ah, yeah? Where?"

Clay smiled mysteriously. "That's a surprise," he stated.

"I hate surprises."

"I'm sorry, but I won't tell you."

"How can I be sure that you will not take me somewhere far and just leave me there? "

"What? Why would I do this?"

"I have no idea, but I can never be sure with you. I don't know what is a good date by your standards. Maybe you will take me to the middle of the forest, and make me play some weird manhunt? "

"I am not a psychopath."

"No?"

"No."

"I can't believe that you are arguing with each other like some old, long-term married couple. Jesus, I love it! Start some podcast or something, I beg you," Sapnap interrupted their exchange, laughing so loud and hard that tears appeared in his eyes.

Clay rolled his eyes. "Shut up, Sapnap. I would like to listen to a podcast, where you rant about how much you love-"

"Oh, it's getting late, haha," Sapnap interrupted him in a nervous, quick tone. "Clay, George, Darryl, we have Spanish together now, right? The classroom is far away from here, we should go now."

George looked at the clock on his phone, indeed, they only had seven minutes to get to the classroom, which was quite far way away. If they wanted to be on time, they had to get going already.

"Sapnap's right, we should go now." Sapnap gave him a grateful look.

"Okay." Clay rose from his seat, picking up his and George's trays. When the dark-haired boy gave him a questioning look, he just smiled, and grabbed his hand, tightly lacing their fingers together. George shook his head slightly, and, as he noticed Darryl's and Sapnap's meaningful looks and cheerful smiles, he felt himself blush a little.

Clay dragged him across the room toward the tray disposal place, and then, when he put them down, toward the door. Darryl and Sapnap followed, laughing loudly at something, probably them. George knew his best friend would make this situation even harder to stand, but now that he had teamed up with Sapnap, things were going to be even worse. When did everything got so weird? If someone had told him a few days earlier that he was going to be walking across the cafeteria, while holding hands with fucking Clay Thompson, he would have laughed in their face, and with conviction said that nothing like this would ever happen, well, but here he was now, doing exactly that. He had no idea why his life had suddenly became so surreal.

Thank you for reading, commenting and for all your support! You all make me so very very happy! I can't even express how much I am thankful for your kind words!

Do tell me if you see any mistakes in this chapter, please.

Sorry for the delay, but I had some really stressful days in school, and thus was unable to focus on writing. It's way better now though, so don't worry about me.

Love you all,

Emy.

<3

[My Twitter - March Emy, where I give updates](#)

## The Date

### Chapter Notes

**STATEMENT:** If any of the included creators state that they're not comfortable with that type of content, this work will be deleted. Please, let me know if I miss anything. This is only a work of fiction.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The school week had passed so quickly that it was early Friday night by the time George truly noticed the passage of time, he was getting ready in his room for his first date ever, for his date with Clay of all people. No matter how absurd and abstract it sounded, and no matter how much his mind tried to suppress the thought and forget about it, the boy knew that there was no other way out of this situation than to surrender and go. Plus, some part of George, somewhere deep in the back of his head, made him get more and more excited as the time of the meeting was getting closer. He tried to ignore it, trust him, but it turned out to be impossible, when every treacherous thought about, where Clay wanted to take him, and what he was planning to do, just fueled everything again.

So, George sat in his room, on the edge of his bed, anxiously stamping his foot, and glancing every few minutes at his watch, watching as the time was getting closer and closer to 5 pm, waiting for Clay to text him to go outdoors. Two days earlier, they had finally exchanged phone numbers to make it easier to contact each other. One may think that it should have been an obvious thing to do at the beginning of this whole plan, but apparently for them it wasn't. Well, it did not matter, they had it sorted out now, and George could freely smirk, while looking at the contact named:

"*My Clay*" ", with a photo of the blond that he took, while the boy was talking to Sapnap, and ignoring him. Clay was smiling softly at his best friend, his eyes half closed, there also were dimples on his cheeks that made him look even more adorable and- They made him look like an even bigger asshole, yes, that's exactly what George meant. The boy shook his head, it wasn't a good time to think about it. Not that there was ever a good time to think about Clay's looks. Nope, never happened.

George was just reaching for his phone to check the time again, when the screen brightened to show a single message notification. The boy picked it up immediately, unlocked it, and quickly entered the notification to see, who messaged him.

**4:54 pm**

*My Clay*

*to you: Ready? I'm waiting for u*

After few seconds Clay sent another message.

**4:54 pm**

*My Clay*

*to you: ☺*

George rolled his eyes as he rose from the bed, and looked one last time in the mirror, analyzing his outfit and hairstyle. The boy decided to wear a light blue sweater, from underneath which the collar of the white shirt was sticking out, and classic black jeans. Looking at himself again, he still thought it was a good choice. As for the hair, though, he lightly combed his fingers through it,

putting it back where he wanted it to be, because it got a little disheveled. He smiled at his reflection, he looked nice. Not that he cared about it, of course, but good presence was still important to him. He picked up the phone, quickly sent a message, then put it into his jeans pocket, and ran downstairs.

**4:57 pm**

**You to**

**My Clay**

**: I'm coming**

\*\*\*

The ride seemed to end faster than George had expected. When he had thought about spending an indefinite amount of time alone with Clay in the confined space of his car, while the sky would be slowly turning darker outside the window, he thought that everything would be terribly awkward, that he would feel uncomfortable. To his surprise, nothing like that happened, and even the contrary - the ride turned out to be quite pleasant and nice. Clay was all slight soft smiles, little jokes, and weird wheezing laughs, all the things that George would never expect him to be. At some point, George noticed that he was smiling back, taking part in the friendly banter, and saying some jokes and stories. Clay listened carefully to everything he said to him, laughed with him, commented, shook his head in disbelief, when George told him the story of how his mother reacted to the news about their relationship. George didn't even notice, when they have arrived at their destination, and Clay stopped the car, suggesting they get out. Honestly, he was a bit disappointed that they had to leave their comfortable bubble and go. Under such conditions, he could stay in the car and talk to Clay all day long, not that he wanted to, of course.

Clay got out of the car, and George decided to do the same, stepping out into the cool evening air, and closing the door behind him. The blond boy was waiting for him by the pavement, with a smile on his face, his arm outstretched towards him, the hand turned upwards, urging him to grab it. He did it, and Clay laced their fingers together, saying short: "*Shall we?*", and then dragged George with him, towards the entrance to a small cinema that George had never been to before.

"What is this place?" he decided to ask the other boy. "I've never been here before."

"Oh, I'm not surprised, only few people know about this place. I, Sapnap, Karl, and Alex, discovered it a few years ago, and since then we always come here, when we want to watch something. Or have a good milkshake, they have the best in town, believe me. You have to try some!"

George was about to reply that he would consider it, when his eyes fell on two people leaving the cinema, two *familiar* people. Karl and Alex, Clay's friends, walked laughing, and talking about something that clearly must have been very interesting, as they didn't notice them, walking past them without even a glance. At the last moment, however, Karl looked up, straight at George, grinning from ear to ear, and exclaimed: "George! Clay!", which caught Alex's attention, who loudly yelled: "Guys!". Both boys approached them quickly and energetically.

"Hi, what are you doing here?" Clay greeted them immediately, and George joined him, giving the boys a big smile, and adding a short: "Hi, guys."

"We were at the cinema to watch this new movie, you know which one." Replied Karl. "You're having a date, so we figured we'd go alone to give you some time to act all lovey-dovey with your boyfriend." He looked at George, and wiggled his eyebrows suggestively, but the dark-haired boy just rolled his eyes at him.

"Okay, I do remember, I do." Clay nodded lightly. "Anyway, where's Sapnap? Has he gone home already?"

"Oh." Alex, who looked a little thoughtful, replied this time. "Sapnap didn't come with us."

"What? But why? As far as I know, he also wanted to watch this movie." Clay sounded genuinely surprised by his best friend's behavior.

"Yeah, he wanted." Karl replied, tugging the sleeves of his oversized purple hoodie so that they covered his entire hands. "Well, I went to ask him today if he wanted to go. He smiled at me, so it seemed to me that he will say yes, which was quite logical, because we often go to the movies together. So I told him the three of us would meet in front of the cinema, and that we just had to set a meet-up time, and then he got kinda weird, I dunno. He stopped smiling, and asked me, if I meant myself and Alex, and when I said yes, he said he couldn't go, because he had to write some very important, long as fuck essay. I don't know, he was probably stressed out with that essay or something." Karl shrugged slightly, George was impressed with how many words the boy was able to say without taking a breath or a pause.

Clay shook his head slightly in disbelief, tilting it to hide the faint amused smirk that had crept on his lips. "Yes, that's probably it," he said at last. "He mentioned something about it to me lately. It's nothing to worry about though."

The words seemed to calm and reassure Karl, who smiled broadly at them again. "Okay, it's time for us to go," he said. "It was nice seeing you guys! I'll text Sapnap, when I get home to see if he's okay, so you don't have to worry about that. Have a nice date guys!"

"Thanks! I'm sure Sapnap will be very happy. Bye," replied Clay.

Alex told them: "See you later!", and with these words they both walked towards the parking lot, leaving George alone with Clay, who had that stupid smirk on his face again as he watched Karl walk away. The dark-haired boy raised an eyebrow.

"Something happened? What makes you smile?"

Clay looked at him, his brow furrowed slightly as he thought for a moment. "Nothing important. Maybe I'll tell you one day. Now come on, you need to try this milkshake before the movie."

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Clay was absolutely right, George's chocolate milkshake was really the best he'd ever had. The blond himself also seemed to be rather pleased with his banana milkshake, which he drank with slightly closed eyes. The place where they bought their drinks was very nicely decorated, and cozy, everything was in light, pleasing colors, there were small neon lights on the walls, which flashed slightly, adding character and atmosphere to the bar. Most of their time there, the boys spent listening to George's complaints about Clay paying for his milkshake even though George could have done it himself. Clay had told him over and over that he was the one, who asked him out on a date, so it was logical that he was paying. George rolled his eyes at it, and said:

"Then I will pay for everything next time."

Clay raised his eyebrows, putting on a grin, and leaning forward. "So, you're already planning the next time, huh, babe?"

George felt a slight blush on his face. "Shut up," he stated, which must have amused Clay as his wheezing, loud laugh began to make uncontrollable sounds.

"Stop laughing so loud, people are looking at us." Clay started laughing even louder. "Clay. You're such an idiot."

Clay calmed down a little. "Yeah, *your* idiot," he said, and when he saw George's unimpressed expression, he began to laugh even louder than before.

George lightly hit his head against the table.

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It didn't take long after the beginning of the movie for George to realize that it was a romantic comedy. A *bloody* romantic comedy. George didn't know, what prompted Clay to choose a movie in a genre they both didn't like that much, but judging by his smug smile, the blond didn't regret his choice in the slightest. George knew that, when he will go to see Darryl the next day, the boy will definitely start asking him questions about all the details of the date, and when he will hear that Clay took him to watch a romantic comedy about some eternal bridesmaid, whose biggest problem is that she herself has no one to get married to, he will die laughing.

The woman was cruising from one wedding to another, changing in a hurry in the backseat of a cab, when George felt Clay's warm arm move behind his neck and then the rest of his body, pulling him tight against the boy's torso, into which he was forced to cuddle. George looked up at the blond, who was already looking at him, and gave him a questioning look.

"Chill," whispered Clay, leaning in slightly to speak into his ear. "I just thought that, if we were going to be sitting here for a few hours anyway, we could practice the couple stuff, you know, our acting, so that we would look more authentic in front of the other people. If it bothers you, I can stop though."

George shook his head. He had no intention to be the one, who would deprive them of the chance to look more authentic in their acting. Besides, there was also a simpler reason, more embarrassing for George - Clay was warm and cuddly, and George couldn't convince his brain and body not to like it. So, he remained glued to the blond's side, wrapping his hands tightly around him, while he put his head on his in such a way that he was able to whisper in his ear some funny comments about, what was happening on the screen. The situation was very much like their movie day a few days earlier, except that they were alone here, without the risk of anyone seeing a small, treacherous smile, and a flush on George's face, when Clay tucked the strands of hair that fell on his forehead, behind his ear.

"Why this movie?" he asked Clay, curious about the reason.

"Because it's my guilty pleasure," the boy confessed. "It may seem lame, but I just like it."

"Oh, no. It's not bad, it's actually quite funny," George replied truthfully, which made Clay squeeze him a bit harder for a moment.

"You really think that?" he asked after a bit.

"Yeah," he said, and risked a glance up at Clay's face. The blond was looking at him with probably the most sincere and radiant smile that George had ever seen on his face, little sparkles of happiness dancing in his eyes. Looking at him, George felt as if he was about to be blinded by the brightness emanating from him, as if his brain couldn't bear such a rare sight. "*Pretty*," George's brain suddenly thought, which effectively pulled him out of his daze, because *what the fuck* was that supposed to be? *From where the hell* did something like that even come from? He looked away quickly. He couldn't risk his brain coming up with something even more stupid. What was happening with him?

\*\*\*

The way back, like the ride to the cinema, passed very quickly, they spent it talking about everything and laughing. The biggest part of their conversation was exchanging information about their friends. This is how George learned, for example, that Alex wanted to become a lawyer in the future, that Karl once wrote in an English essay that the book he had to write about was a worse torture than stretching one's body with rollers on a bed of nails, and nevertheless got a good grade for it, that Sapnap, even though he would never admit it, was very good at math. George paid him back with a few stories about Darryl, that he had a little dog named Lucy, but everyone always called her Rat, that he always hated curse words, and used the word "*muffin*" too much, that he was the nicest person he has ever met.

When they parked in front of the Thompson's house, George turned to Clay, saying a short: "Thanks. Good night.", then left the car, and walked quietly towards his house. He was grateful for the dense darkness surrounding them, which effectively covered his face from the blond, while there was some distance between them, on which there might have been a slight smile. George took a few steps before Clay's voice stopped him.

"Wait," said the boy. "I'll walk you to the door."

George looked at him, and rolled his eyes slightly. "You don't have to, I'm fine," he replied.

"I don't accept no as an answer, come on." Clay walked over to him, elbowing him lightly on the shoulder. After a moment, George gave up, and started walking towards the door, Clay by his side.

Clay was true to his word, walking George all the way to the front door of the house, where they both stopped. The dark-haired boy didn't know how to break the silence between them, and say goodbye. Should he thank him for walking him here, or just say: "*goodnight*" once again, and then go inside? Or maybe he shouldn't say anything, and just go home? There were many possibilities, but no answer. But, as it turned out, George didn't need one at all.

Clay stepped closer to him, and placed one of his hands on his shoulder, then he leaned forward, his lips lightly brushing George's forehead, close to the hairline. George must have had a look of terrible shock and disbelief on his face, because as soon as the blond stepped away from him, and looked at his face, a loud laugh immediately escaped from his mouth.

"Close your mouth," he said in an amused tone that made George blush uncontrollably. Damn it, he felt his entire face, the tips of his ears, and his neck turn red. Clay must have noticed it too, because his next words were: "That blush suits you very much, babe."

George wanted the earth to swallow him. "Shut up," he said, but it had no force.

Clay rolled his eyes, a wide smile never leaving his face. "Goodnight, George," he said, then he turned around, and walked towards his house, and George could only watch as, after taking a few steps, the blond boy turned his head to look at him again, the street light shining on his face, and winked at him. Then, as if nothing had happened, Clay continued on towards his home. George stood speechless, still staring at the boy's silhouette as it disappeared through the door. Clay, *fucking Clay Thompson*, he had just kissed his forehead goodnight. The world was really starting to collapse around him, huh?

## Chapter End Notes

Hello, lovely people!

I hope you liked and enjoyed this chapter. Thank you for all the comments and kudos, they always make me smile, and brighten my day so so much. We've crossed 2k hits on this fanfiction, which is, to be completely honest, so freaking mind-blowing to me. I can't even express how happy I am. Also, we're halfway done with this story, and I hope that you'd like the rest of it as much as you did the first half.

I'm planning some new things already that may or may not be kinda connected with this fanfic, but I don't know very much about them yet, so I can't say much.

As always, do tell me, if I made any mistakes anywhere.

Love you all very very much,  
Emy.

[My Twitter - March\\_Emy, where I give updates to all of my current and future works](#)

PS: The movie that I made Clay and George watch is called *27 Dresses*. It's probably my most favourite rom-com.

## Questions

### Chapter Notes

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**IMPORTANT:** Heeey, if you're reading this fic in one go then it's time for your mandatory stop to drink some water, bestie. Remember that you're amazing, loved and valid. <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Okay," said Darryl, sitting in front of him on the bed in his room, looking at him with a slight bewilderment. "So, you're telling me that Clay took you to the movies to watch a romantic comedy, he cuddled up to you, while watching it, explaining that that was "*to make your acting in front of other people more believable*", and then, after he walked you to the door of your house, he kissed you on the forehead, and just left?"

"Yes, that's exactly what I meant, Darryl." George rolled his eyes, laying down on the soft cushions, and staring up at the ceiling. The dark-haired boy was explaining this to his friend for the third time, yet the other boy asked him again, if he understood everything correctly, still looking confused.

"Okay, and you're also telling me that you didn't find it, I don't know, weird?"

"Why would I find it weird?" asked George, his tone full of surprise. "After all, we have to learn how to be good at pretending, so we can continue this for some time. It makes perfect sense that he did all of this, so that we could be more convincing later. Simple."

Darryl looked at him with an expression so full of disappointment and disbelief, as if George had just told him that he wants to do parkour on aflamed planes that fly ten thousand meters above the ground, which is covered with pools full of bloodthirsty sharks, that are taped with stun guns, each one of them with two million volts of power.

"George," he said, the tone of his voice sounded as if he was tired of being alive, and probably also of hanging out with the dark-haired boy, "this guy kissed you goodnight on the forehead for no reason. Everyone would be able to clearly see that he just has a crush on you!"

"What?!" squealed George, his voice rising a little too much. The boy grimaced, it was the middle of the night, so Darryl's parents were for sure already asleep, and he had just yelled so loud that probably the whole house was able to hear him. Well, at least he had a good reason, which slightly lessened his guilt. "Are you crazy? Clay has a crush *on me*? Are you drunk or something, because what you just said was so completely dumb, that I can't believe it left your mouth at all? Tell me I heard it wrong, Darryl, I beg you."

Darryl laughed, apparently very amused about the suffering of his best friend.

"George, take a second look at this, the guy hugs you, and kisses you on the forehead, although

there was nobody there to see it, he calls you "*babe*" all the time, and from what you mentioned earlier, he was the one, who suggested this whole plan. For me, he acts like a teenager, who fell head over heels in love, and doesn't know how to flirt with his crush..."

"Even if Clay doesn't hate me, the fact that we had one nice evening together, during which we didn't want to kill each other, doesn't mean that he is in love with me. Maybe it was nice, and he was different than usual, but he didn't act like he was in love with me. He acted like he wanted us to, I don't know... maybe to become some kind of friends?"

"Friends," Darryl whispered softly, and shook his head in disbelief.

"Yes, *friends*, Darryl. It may sound strange, but it's just how it is."

"Think what you want, I will patiently wait for you to call me in panic, admitting that I was right."

"Well, then you'll have to wait forever, because it will *never* happen." The tone of George's voice was as sure as the boy felt. There was no way Darryl was right. He was quite sure of it.

\* \* \*

After returning home, George planned to spend the Sunday afternoon, savoring his blissful serenity, plunging into finally allowed laziness, and a week's long-awaited rest from any activities. But somehow, the boy did not know why, he must have had a brain short-circuit, or maybe someone cast some weird spell on him when he was distracted, his plan was spoiled before he even actually started to implement it, and it was because of his own damn decision.

Five minutes into his Minecraft tutorial marathon, a notification sound rang out, and his phone's screen lit up, announcing that he had just received a message from someone. Curious about who might want something from him on Sunday, and a little bit annoyed that his marathon had been interrupted, he immediately reached for the device to read whatever was sent to him, and probably tell no, if anyone wanted him to do something. He unlocked the phone, immediately entering the right app.

3:25 pm

*My Clay  
to you: Wanna come here and watch some  
movie or something?*

## *My Clay thing, my parents aren't home*

*to you: We could talk about the fake dating*

*My Clay*

*to you: If you want to ofc*

George thought for a moment. Did he want to leave the comfort of his home, and go to talk about pretending to be Clay's boyfriend once again, did he want to abandon his pleasant plans, and go into the unknown, did he want to spend his last weekend afternoon with his fake boyfriend? The obvious answer seemed to be *no*, which would allow him to continue to rest alone in peace, which would spare him from talking to Clay. So why did his brain suddenly switched to a *yes* mode, making him want to run to the Thompson's house as fast as possible, filling his whole body with some strange sense of excitement and curiosity? *Is there anything there to be excited about, it's just Clay?* he asked his brain, but it had no answer for him except for one: *"You have to go."* His body must have still been exhausted, because of the almost sleepless night that he had spent on watching movies with Darryl.

This whole dating thing with Clay, though it was all fake, confused George a lot more than any of

his previous *real* crushes. Clay was a mystery to him, a conglomerate of incompatible, different information and behaviors, that seemed to make less and less sense the more time he spent with him, instead of getting more clear. George had to admit that the change in the blond's behavior towards him during their fake date in the cinema, awakened something in him. Some hidden want to get to know the other boy, understand him, know what he is thinking about, maybe even be friends him. Something he didn't feel even as a little kid, that loved playing with other children. In all his nearly eighteen years of life, George had never felt any need to have any closer relationship with the boy. One afternoon with Clay, during which the boy was friendly, kind, and nice towards him, was enough for George to want to run to him, and spend time with him to finally be able to get to know him. Truly pathetic of him. Little George from a few years ago must be looking at him right now, and thinking that he's an idiot, and also wondering at what point in his life he had gone completely crazy. The present-day George couldn't blame him, because wasn't the fact that he wrote back a confirmation to Clay, abandoning his laptop and couch, and ran to get ready to go out to spend the afternoon with someone he had considered for years to be the biggest pain in the ass of his life, insane?

\*\*\*

Less than half an hour later, George found himself on the big couch of the Thompson's living room, once again within the last two weeks, which was very strange, because he usually tried to talk himself out of meeting his neighbors as much as he could, so he wasn't forced to waste his time on seeing Clay. But things were different now, Clay was his boyfriend, well, a fake boyfriend, but that didn't change the fact that people would expect them to want to hang out together whenever they could, and to try to find out more about the other person. So, George knew that having the boy's parents absent from home was a perfect opportunity for them to talk in peace, and learn the most important things about each other, to be able to answer, if someone ever decided to ask them something. The most important things, in Clay's understanding though, meant not something that he wanted to ask him, but some random questions from a long list on some weird website. Although George didn't like the idea of scrolling through the list, and picking some weird questions from it, he had no better idea himself, so he had to agree.

"You go first," said Clay, a slight smile on his face, and as George tried to protest, the boy added: "You're my guest, so I'll let you go first. Come on."

George let out a long sigh, already regretting his decision to come there. "Okay, wait," he said at last, taking the blond's phone, his fingertips accidentally touching the smooth skin of the other boy's hand, which, for some unknown to him reason, made his whole hand warm, as if he just touched a burning fire, which was strange, they already held hands few times, and everything was fine. George quickly took his hand away, doing his best to pretend that nothing had just happened, because nothing really happened, right? Completely nothing did, only his twisted imagination decided to make fun of him at the worst possible moment. The dark-haired boy began to scroll silently through the list of questions, looking for something suitable to ask Clay, glad to focus his attention on something other than the blond next to him.

"I have something," he said after a moment, finally daring to look at the other boy, who gave him an encouraging smile. "What's your favorite movie and why?"

"Seriously, George?" groaned Clay, running his hands over his face, and then lazily brushing his blond hair back from his forehead and eyes. "You accused me that my idea with these questions was not very creative, and now you ask me the most basic question in the history of basic questions, to which you already know the answer anyway?"

George rolled his eyes. "The question fits perfectly with the creativity of your idea. Now go ahead."

"Empire Strikes Back, the fifth episode of Star Wars, what, as I just said, you know very well, because we watched it together like a week ago." He curved his lips into a smug smile. "Unless you were too busy cuddling to me to remember anything other than that."

"Shut up." George did not at all notice the warmth that was creeping into his face, probably making his cheeks, and maybe his nose too, a bit red, no, nothing.

Clay apparently noticed though. "The blush again," he said, the mischievous gleam clearly visible in his eyes. "Not that I am complaining, of course, I like it very much, it suits you. It looks adorable, you know?"

"Clay?"

"Yes?"

"Shut up, and finish answering my question."

"Anything for you, babe." George groaned miserably, which only amused the other boy, making him laugh softly. "So, as I said, Empire. Why? It's, in my opinion, the best and most iconic movie in the entire Star Wars saga. How can I not love the most the movie that gave us the Imperial March, and one of the best plot twists in the movie history? Simply a masterpiece."

"Okay, that makes sense."

Clay rolled his eyes slightly. "Of course it does, dummy. It's your turn to answer, what's your favorite movie?"

"I don't have a favorite one." Clay gave him an unimpressed look. "But I recently watched Thor: Ragnarok, which I actually enjoyed quite a bit, so this one. I'm not MCU's biggest fan, but they did a good job with it. It was very funny, I liked all the jokes, especially the snake story."

"Answer accepted. Okay, my turn, can you hand me the phone?" George did it. It took several seconds for Clay to find a question, and speak. "What is your favorite holiday and why?"

"I can see that creativity is the motto of the day, huh?"

"Definitely."

"Hmm, I think that Christmas. There is such a nice, warm atmosphere. I can spend more time with my family and stuff. Everything on Christmas seems to be more bearable. What about you?"

"Proud Halloween enoyer ever since I started walking, and was able to go trick-or-treating. I still really love trick-or-treating, even though some people are starting to look at me weirdly, but I don't care. I love all the spooky mood, costumes and decorations."

"Okay, that does sound like you. For as long as I can remember, you and Drista were always dressing up, and going trick-or-treating, even if your parents tried to talk you out of it. I remember that you once cried like two months before Halloween, because you didn't have a costume yet, and you didn't want to listen to your father telling you that you had plenty of time to buy one. Choose another question."

"First of all - there is no such thing as too early to buy a Halloween costume, there is always a good time, and secondly, it's your turn now." Clay gave him a questioning look.

"But you're the one holding the phone already, so you can just go on. I'll choose the next one or

something."

"Okay. What's your favorite childhood memory?"

"Oh, that's an easy one." George smiled broadly. "When we were like six years old, and our mothers made us play together, and we were making sandcastles. You started bragging that your castle was so much better than mine, we both knew it wasn't, but it doesn't matter now, and then you lost your balance, and fell on it, which destroyed it. You were silent for a moment, and then instead of crying or getting angry like a normal child would, you looked me straight in the eye and said: 'I did this on purpose'."

George looked up, eyebrows slightly raised, at Clay, who made a face full of unwavering seriousness and perfect confidence.

"Well, if I said so, it was for sure on purpose," he announced proudly. "All my decisions are always completely planned and-" The boy stopped short, staring into George's eyes for a few seconds, and then burst out into loud, uncontrolled laughter. It was his real laugh, the wheezing one that sounded like a fucking kettle, the one that made his eyes close a bit, slightly wrinkling their corners, and making the dimples in his cheeks clearly visible. George liked this laugh a lot more than the one he'd heard from Clay, when they would sit at uncomfortable family meetings, and they both had to laugh at their parents' jokes, which didn't always sound natural. This laugh was real, full of pure amusement and ease, unforced. After a moment, George joined the blonde's amusement, laughing until he felt a slight pain in his stomach.

"What the hell was that supposed to be?" he asked, his tone breathless and a little indistinct.

"Sorry," gasped out Clay, "but I couldn't go on with that. I can't believe that because of my own stupidity and clumsiness, I fell over, and then I had the audacity and courage to tell you that that was what I wanted to do, even though you knew it wasn't. I was an arrogant little asshole, huh?"

George raised an eyebrow, smiling mysteriously. "'Was'?" he asked. "So something has changed, and I didn't notice?"

"Haha, very funny, George, the pinnacle of comedy," replied the blond, the tone of his voice unimpressed. George could see the other boy's lips twitch slightly at the corners, though, as if trying to lift them up to form a full, wide smile.

"I know, it's nice to know that you appreciate it though. Now it's your turn to tell a memory."

"It may surprise you, but it's also a very easy one for me. When we were seven, your parents and you came to visit us. They were talking in the living room, and you, Drista and I were sitting in her room, where we were supposed to play. Drista was having a phase of being a fashion designer then, because she watched some cartoons with model princesses or something like that. Well, Drista decided that she needed to do a fashion show, and since she didn't have any models, she thought that the best idea would be to force us to be her models." George grinned, and nodded slightly, remembering the situation, the girl's pink dresses tossed on the floor along with her floral skirts and frilly blouses. "Once she managed to get us to put on dresses, "Clay continued, "she said that the show needed an audience, so we had to go show ourselves to our parents, who probably had the best laugh of their lives, watching us follow Drista in these dresses, with our grave faces. I'm sure that there are still pictures from that day somewhere. Do you remember that?"

"Of course I do, how could I forget my modeling career? I would have never thought that it's your favorite childhood memory though. Do you have any reason, or were you just wanting to remind me of that to make me cringe at myself?"

"Of course I have a reason." Clay rolled his eyes as if in disbelief that George would accuse him of something like that.

"Yeah? What is it?"

"I just had some good time then, and from what I can remember, you did too. It was fun, we managed to do something nice, and at the same time not argue even a little. Well, something unbelievable."

"Yeah, there weren't many times in our lives, when we'd been in one place for more than a minute, and didn't argue."

"Unfortunately."

"*Unfortunately?*" What does that mean?"

Clay let out a long sigh. "It means that... I regret the fact that it had always been this way between us. And also that I didn't do anything to change it. Disliking you was easier than trying to reconcile with you, to get to know you, to change things between us. The funniest part of this is that I don't even know why I didn't like you, and whether or not I even actually did. When I look at it now, it feels so stupid, you know?"

"I know, believe me, I know. It's not your fault, though, that we never made up, we both did it to ourselves, Clay. And it's because of some silly childhood incident that we can't even remember now, can you believe it? We're almost grown-ups, and we're still arguing over something that happened when we were little kids, that's... so fucking stupid. "

"It's only now that I've gotten to know you a bit that I can fully see how dumb and childish we were. Some revenge plans, fights over the smallest things, what the heck was that?" Clay finished his sentence, and laughed, George joining him immediately, tears of amusement gathering at the corners of his eyes. They calmed down after a few minutes, slowly wiping tears from their cheeks. George felt a pleasant pain in his cheeks.

"No, but seriously, sorry for all these attempts to make your life more difficult. Really," said the dark-haired boy.

"Even for the voodoo doll?"

George groaned loudly and woefully, pressing his hands over his eyes to cover the image of smiling Clay. "Don't remind me of that. I beg you."

"Okay, I won't. I'm... sorry for everything too, really."

"Shit, so much has happened in the last two weeks that my brain is slowly crashing."

"Mine too. What does that even mean? Are we now... I don't know, some kind of friends or...?"

George hesitated for a moment, thinking it over carefully. "I think we're on a good way to become them," he said at last, honestly, which surprised him a little.

"That's good, because I think so too."

Clay smiled at him, and George felt himself doing the same automatically.

"I can't believe we did some weird fucking speedrun of having better relations," said George,

laughing lightly.

Clay looked at him with a strange, unreadable expression. "By speedrun, you meant like a Minecraft speedrun?"

"Yes, what else could I possibly meant?"

"So that means that you like Minecraft?"

Now it was George's turn to look weirdly at the other boy. "Yes, it's my favorite game."

"OMG!" exclaimed the blond, a wide smile on his face, his eyes seemed to glow with some inner shine. "This is also my favorite game! I can't believe we like the same game, and we never got to know it!"

"Wait, if you like and have Minecraft, then why are we talking here, when we could do it while playing?"

"Excellent question. Do you wanna go play?"

"You sound like an eight-year-old, who invited a friend from primary school home for the first time to play games, but yes, of course I want to."

So they did. They went to Clay's room, where they turned on his computer quickly, opening Minecraft, and playing it for the next few hours, until it was completely dark outside, and George's parents texted him to finally come home, because it was terribly late. George was leaving Clay's house with a smile on his face, and a strange feeling of warmth deep inside his chest. They were starting to be on the right track with the blond to start really getting along, and maybe even becoming friends, something that, despite its absurdity, made George feel like he could fly, as if everything was finally falling into place. The boy would have never suspected that Clay Thompson would be able to make him feel so happy.

## Chapter End Notes

I can't believe that we crossed 3k hits on this fanfiction, this feels so surreal! Thank you all very much for reading and commenting, your words always make my day so much better, I treasure them very much. I hope that you liked and enjoyed this chapter as much as the others. I made this chapter so dialogue based, omg.

Sorry for the delay again, but I'm just not a person that can have a strict schedule, because it's just really not my thing. I have many things to do for school, I have like three presentations to do as we speak lmao, but don't worry, I'll handle it, it's not that exhausting for me, just time consuming unfortunately. I hope that soon my teachers will chill a bit.

As you may have seen, I added this fanfic to a series, but as I said in this series' description, I still have no idea, if I will write anything more, but I do have a vague idea of a new fic. I just need to think about it some more. I'll, of course, let you all know, when I decide on something, so follow the notes under the chapters, the new series, and my twitter account.

As always, remember to tell me, if you see any mistakes in this chapter.

Love and appreciate you all so much,  
Emy. <3

[My Twitter - March Emy, where I give updates to all of my current and future works](#)

## Valentine's Day

### Chapter Notes

**STATEMENT:** If any of the included creators state that they're not comfortable with that type of content, this work will be deleted. Please, let me know if I miss anything. This is only a work of fiction.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George was single all his life, he never dated anyone except for a few meetings with people in the middle school, each of them a complete disaster, so no one should really be surprised by the fact that, when the boy finally realized that Valentine's Day was approaching, there was only one day left. In fact, he didn't even realize it himself, because on Tuesday, as soon as he came home from school, his mother immediately ran up to him without a warning, cheerfully asking if she could see the gift he had bought for Clay. George's brain stopped for a moment. *Clay..? Gift..?* The boy stood dumbfounded on the threshold of his own house, looking confused at his mother, who was giving him a broad, encouraging smile.

The realization came to him suddenly and imperceptibly, occupying his mind with a sense of panic, painting on his face an expression of complete, pure shock, comically widening his eyes. His mother must have noticed the sudden change in his appearance as the smile on her face faded.

"Georgie," began the woman, the boy moved his gaze away from the wall, where he had focused it earlier, to move it to her, "please don't tell me that you forgot."

George swallowed hard. "What day is it today, mom? What's the date?"

"February thirteenth."

George's eyes widened so much that the boy slowly began to wonder, how his eyeballs were still somehow clinging to his face instead of falling off to the floor.

"Shit," said George, which, in his opinion, was a perfect summary of the whole situation.

"George!" exclaimed his mother, clearly disagreeing. "You forgot, didn't you?"

"This is my first Valentine's Day, when I'm dating someone, mom. I never really bothered celebrating it before, so how could I not forget?"

"Okay, doesn't matter. Leave your backpack at home, and go to the car."

George looked at his mother, a question clearly visible in his dark brown eyes. "Why?"

"What do you mean *"why"*, George? We go shopping, and hope that we will find something. What else can we possibly do? You don't want to meet with Clay tomorrow without a gift, do you? Come on."

So, George had to spend the entire Tuesday's afternoon with his mother, being dragged from one crowded shop to another, browsing through the Valentine's Day items, and wondering if he even knew, what he should be giving someone for such an occasion. Until now, he had heard about

Valentine's gifts only from the others, his friends, parents, he had never been in a situation, where he had to worry about it. It was quite a tiring and overwhelming job to dig through the mountains of objects, looking for something, he didn't even knew what, so he was grateful for the help of his mother, who would gladly advise him, what to consider buying, and what to reject immediately. Well, maybe the same woman also tried to recommend him cheesy things like the t-shirts with things like: "*My King* ❤", but hey, such help, although a little bit annoying, was better than none.

After about two or so hours of constant walking, browsing, searching, and discussing, the gift was ready, and George could only hope that Clay would be happy with it. He didn't really care about impressing the blond, but they were friends now, okay, they were trying to be friends, so the fact that George felt some inner need to make the other boy happy was perfectly normal. Right?

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"I have probably said this many times before, but this is by far the worst moment of my entire life," George told Darryl as he stood in the (not) surprisingly long line of people waiting for their turn to give their gifts to the school Valentine's Day Post. It was an annual tradition in their high school, giving gifts to a special club, anonymously or not, depending on preference, which members would later deliver them to the addressee during the first lesson after the lunch break. A lesson like that was usually free, spent on comparing and admiring gifts, or, for George among others, on chatting with friends, and pretending not to notice anything. Well, it *was* like that, now the situation was different, now he was going to send a gift to someone himself, and probably also receive something back. The boy wasn't sure if that situation frightened or excited him more. It was a strange feeling that seemed to be present from the top of his head to the bottom of his stomach, making him feel extremely light and strangely empty at the same time.

"You're exaggerating," replied Darryl, looking at him with a little kind smile. "It will be fine, you will exchange gifts, then you will kiss, and live happily ever after."

"Darryl!" George gave the other boy a scolding look, looking around to see if anyone had heard him.

"Okay, okay, just kidding. Unless..."

George tried to smack him lightly in the shoulder, but his friend managed to walk away, shaking his head in amusement.

"But seriously, George," began Darryl, after a moment of silence. "Everything will be alright, you'll give each other the gifts, and then you can forget about the whole thing. Nothing to be afraid of."

All George could do was to give the other boy a slight, grateful smile, and hope that he was right.

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George's first periods and lunch break passed both surprisingly quickly and slowly. On the one hand, all the time he had the impression that time did not pass at all, he couldn't help but look at his watch every now and then, on the other hand though, before he knew it, he was already sitting in the Spanish classroom, Darryl, as always, sitting at the desk on his left, and at the desk on his right Clay, who started sitting there a few days ago, exchanging places with a girl, with whom George exchanged maybe two sentences throughout the entire school year. Clay looked at him strangely all day, some kind of inexhaustible gleam in his eyes, a mysterious note in his broad smile, but when George asked him if anything had happened, the boy always denied it. Well, let's just say that it wasn't the best solution to George's anxiety.

About ten minutes after the lesson started, in the middle of their teacher's talk about the homework that he gave them the previous day, there was an energetic knock on the door, which got opened by someone after a moment, to show three people dressed in red and pink standing there, who immediately apologized for interrupting the lesson, and introduced themselves as the Valentine's Day Post. Their teacher just sighed, fully aware that this was the end of today's lesson, then let them come in, and give out gifts. George watched as the black-haired girl took out presents one by one from the black bags, reading the addressee's name, and when they raised their hand, she sent a red-haired boy to them, who brought them the gift. The boy could only wait with trembling hands for her to say his name.

A few minutes passed during which most people had already received their gifts. Among these people was Sapnap, who, frowning, scanned through the cards and letters he had been given, as if looking for something special, which he had apparently not found, judging by how quickly his smile faded, a hopeful spark vanishing from his eyes, when there were no more gifts left to look through. Sapnap finally caught the look George was giving him, and then gave him a slight smile, as if to say to him that everything was fine. Well, George didn't have time to think about it anyway, because the girl finally said his name, forcing him to move his attention from Sapnap.

As he watched the red-haired boy walk towards him, George briefly shifted his gaze to Clay, who, to his surprise, already had his gift in front of him, which he must have received, while the dark-haired boy was busy looking at Sapnap. The blond, however, has not yet opened the bag or the letter attached to it, probably waiting for George to receive his gift. After a moment, it happened, a red gift bag stood on the desk in front of George. The boy was staring at it as if he got hypnotized, when suddenly the black-haired girl spoke again.

"Greg," she said to the red-haired boy, who turned his eyes to her. "A part of George's gift is still in the hallway. Can you bring it, please?" The boy went to do as she said, and then she looked at George. "Sorry, but we couldn't bring them in a bag, so we left them in the hall for a moment."

The red-haired boy, Greg, returned a few seconds later, carrying a rather large bouquet of red roses in his hands. George's mouth opened impulsively due to the shock he experienced at the sight of them, he was unable to take his eyes off them, nor say a word, he was only able to look blankly, and, as if from a distance, hear his classmates let out a choir of "aww's" and "woah's". After a moment, the flowers were lying in front of him on his desk, and Clay was pushing his chair up to him, looking at him with amusement.

"Close your mouth, George," he said, which effectively snapped George from his stupor, the dark-haired boy rolling his eyes at him. "Won't you open it?" the blond added after a moment.

"And what if I don't want to?"

"Don't be like that, baby, I know you want to see." George was pretty sure that he had just turned tomato red in front of all his classmates. Fucking Clay, and his fucking cute pet names and gifts.

"Okay, I will open it," he said at last.

George picked up the red bag, and looked inside, immediately noticing that it was filled with sweets, chocolates, candy bars, and chocolate, all of his favorites. George's eyes narrowed slightly, he might have to have a talk with his mother about it. Then George reached for the white envelope, tearing it gently, and pulling out a Valentine's Card that looked handmade. "*Because it probably is,*" his brain told him, "*Clay has always been good at crafts like that.*" The dark-haired boy opened it to see, what was inside. It turned out to be a crayon-drawn picture of him and Clay, in clothes resembling their Minecraft skins, George in large goggles, Dream with a white mask pushed back from his face to his hair, around them there was a lot of hearts. There was a text on the other side

of the page, and George read it, automatically rolling his eyes when he realized, what it said.

*"What if we put our Minecraft beds together... Jk... Jk... Unless..?  
Baby, you are more dear to me than a stack of enchanted golden apples,  
Your Valentine,  
Clay."*

"Really, Clay? Minecraft pick up lines?" George said after a moment, his tone artificially bored.

Clay gave him a smug smile. "Yeah. Don't pretend that it doesn't appeal to you."

George rolled his eyes, and tried to keep his face impassive, but he failed, because after a moment he felt his lips twist into a wide smile.

"It doesn't appeal to me at all," he said, even though he knew that Clay was fully aware that it was a lie. "Now stop stalling, and open the gift from me."

"Sure." Clay reached to his desk, grabbing the bag, which he opened right away, taking out a card covered in small, glistening hearts, and then a black plushie. As soon as George entered a toy store, and saw a Darth Vader plushie, holding a huge red heart with the words: *"May The Love Be With You"*, he knew that he had to buy it for Clay, he would never find anything more suiting the blond than this. Apparently, he was right, because as soon as Clay's eyes saw the plush silhouette of a familiar figure, he immediately lunged at George, simultaneously making some weird sound of excitement and happiness, pressing tightly against him, wrapping his hands around his torso. If someone wasn't already staring at them, they were for sure doing it now.

George didn't know what to do at first, should he tell Clay to step back, or should he just wait for him to do it? In the end, however, he decided that thinking was totally overrated, so he just folded his hands behind the blond's neck, hugging him back. Clay must have liked his decision very much, because he made a slight noise of approval as he rested his head against the crook of George's neck, to whisper in his ear: "You surprised me again, George. Can't you just be more predictable for once?"

"Vice versa, asshole."

Clay laughed softly, a laugh that sounded a little bit like a chuckle. "This gift is perfect. It's as if you were reading my mind."

"And how do you know that I didn't?"

"Oh, then it would be a bit inappropriate."

George frowned. "Why? What do you mean?"

"Well, let's just say that I had this little daydream."

"What daydream?"

Clay brought his lips even closer to dark-haired boy's ear. "Four things, babe. You, fishnets, maid dress, cat ears," he whispered.

George let out a loud, surprised gasp. "Clay!" he said, maybe a little too loud, and then began to laugh uncontrollably, Clay joining him right away.

"Ugh," came a voice from somewhere behind them, Sapnap. "I understand that it's Valentine's Day

and everything, but you could wait with making out until the evening. I personally don't need to have this view etched into my mind forever."

George looked up slightly at Sapnap, rolling his eyes at him, when he saw the teasing smirk on his lips. Clay must have felt his movement as he pressed him even tighter against him, and whispered:

"Relax, babe, I'll take care of it." After a moment, Clay spoke again, this time louder: "Sapnap, don't you have to worry about whether your gift is already in the hands of the addressee?"

Sapnap groaned pitifully, George was able to clearly see the light pink color appearing on his cheeks. "I hate you, I really do, I swear I'll draw a mustache on your face with a black permanent marker, when you will be staying overnight someday, and I won't be even the slightest bit sorry."

"Sure, I love you too, bro."

"So," George said after a moment to Clay, when the boy went back to hugging him, "Sapnap has a secret Valentine?"

Clay laughed slightly. "You could say that, it's such a pity that he doesn't have the confidence to tell them about it though. But it doesn't matter, let's get back to us, I like this topic much more."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Of course, there is no one more important than my baby." George groaned miserably, Clay just laughed at him. "Anyway, Sapnap mentioned today's evening, and reminded me about something. I hope that you don't have any plans, because I'm taking you out on a date."

"Of course that I don't have any plans. I'd ask, where you want to take me, but you probably won't tell me again, so..."

"Oh, you don't know?"

"No?"

"Well, it's simple." Clay leaned closer to his ear, his lips almost touching it, and whispered: "I'll take you to my room, we have to implement my daydream about catboy George in a maid dress and fishnets."

"Ugh, Clay." George drew out the vowels, wincing, and the blond laughed loudly. "I can't believe you just said that."

"Relax, that's not what I'm planning... at least not now. We'll just go eat something, and then go for a walk, what do you think about that?"

"Sounds good, very romantic."

"There's no other way with you, babe." At these words, George made a slight, amused chuckle.

"It's not fair that you have a pet name for me, and I don't have one for you," said the dark-haired boy, making his voice sound almost like a pouting little kid.

"Well," replied Clay. "I'm not keeping you from having one."

"So, if I, for example, started calling you... cutie, what would you do then?"

"Then, baby, our plans for tonight would come back to that catboy daydream, and-"

"Clay!" George chuckled once again within the last few minutes, he couldn't keep on doing this, it will surely become a bad habit, and that would be a bloody nightmare.

George looked up for a moment, which gave him a good view of Darryl and Sapnap talking to each other. However, as soon as they saw that the boy's eyes and attention were focused on them, they both laughed at the same time, whispering about something that George couldn't hear. The dark-haired boy rolled his eyes at them, and in response he got a meaningful look and smile from both of them. George decided that ignoring them for the rest of the lesson would be a great idea, so he lowered his head back to rest against the blond's warm shoulder. And just like that, George spent his first Valentine's Day gift-giving in Clay Thompson's arms, which bothered him a lot less than it probably should have.

## Chapter End Notes

Omg, I honestly love this chapter so much! It was so fun to write!

You are all so unbelieble, it the latest chapter I was thanking you all for 3k hits, and now only a week later I am thanking you for 4k! I am so very thankful to everyone, who reads this story, for all the kudos and comments. You make me so happy, you have no idea!!! It just means so so much!

As always, remember to tell me, if you see any mistakes in this chapter.

I hope you liked this chapter as much as you liked the others!

Lots of love and virtual hugs,  
Emy.

[My Twitter - March Emy, where I give updates to all of my current and future works](#)

## Valentine's Day Date

### Chapter Notes

**STATEMENT:** If any of the included creators state that they're not comfortable with that type of content, this work will be deleted. Please, let me know if I miss anything. This is only a work of fiction.

Idiots in love warning lmao <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It took them about forty minutes to drive from their homes to the pizzeria, or, if you want to count differently, about fifteen songs from Clay's playlist, which was, surprisingly for George, very good. Considering how much of a surprise the blond had been to him so far, the boy probably should have expected that his taste in music would also be good. Clay had a lot of songs on his playlist that George knew and loved, and also some that the brunet heard for the first time, but liked immediately. So, they were able to spend all the drive to their second date throwing themselves a little karaoke party, and laughing at each other's singing skills as they tried to sing notes that were way too high for them, which ended up producing, well... sounds that weren't very pleasant to the ear. Honestly, apart from the high notes, Clay sounded pretty good, and certainly much better than George, who, however, made up for his lack of talent with energy and enthusiasm.

They arrived at the pizzeria around six, immediately getting out of the car, and going inside to get a good table quickly. They were lucky, because after a few minutes they were walking towards a free table for two people, which stood by the window, that had a good view of the small garden behind the pizzeria, bathed in rays of the slowly setting sun, which was casting an orange glow on it. George walked calmly to one of the chairs, stretching out his hand to move it, but it was stopped by Clay's hand suddenly on his shoulder, its warmth effectively distracting the boy, making him turn towards the blond, giving him a questioning look.

"I'm a gentleman," began Clay, but George cut him off with a small huff of laughter, which made the blond put his hand on his chest dramatically, pressing against it, making a face full of faux pain. "You're hurting me, George, you're hurting me, and I'm trying so hard here and-"

"Please, get to the point, Clay."

"Sure, ignore my wounded gentleman pride..." said the blond, and when George looked at him imperturbably, he added: "Bold of you to assume that I'll let you move the chair yourself." After these words, Clay slightly moved the brunet, standing between him and the chair, which he quickly pulled out, and then, with a broad smile on his face, pointed at it encouragingly with the movement of his hand.

"Would you like to sit down, babe?" added the blond after a moment.

George rolled his eyes, trying his best to ignore the strange warm feeling that slowly spread over his body from head to toe, making it tickle pleasantly. "My gentleman..." he said at last, making sure that the irony was clearly audible in his voice, then sat down, Clay moving his chair lightly closer to the table.

After a moment, the blond was also sitting in his seat, opposite George, looking at him intently with a strange, lazy smile on his face.

"Something happened?" George finally asked, feeling a little uncomfortable with how carefully he was being watched.

"You look beautiful today," Clay replied immediately, without thinking about it for even a second, as if he was stating some well-known fact.

"Clay!" George quickly covered his blushing face with his hands, and then he also covered his eyes, so he wouldn't have to look at the boy in front of him. "Stop."

After only a moment, George felt other, larger, hands on his, pulling them slowly away from his face, revealing it completely. George tried to pull his hands out of the grip, but Clay was too strong, pinning them quickly to the table, effectively preventing him from moving them. The dark-haired boy finally opened his eyes, immediately sending the other boy an annoyed look, but it didn't seem to bother him at all, because, smiling, he only leaned forward, and, looking straight into George's eyes, said only a short and strong: "No."

George groaned miserably. It will definitely be a long evening.

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They spent the rest of their time at the restaurant quite pleasantly, eating the pizza they ordered, talking about school, their private lives and Minecraft, Clay flirting and telling George compliments all the time, the brunet blushing almost every time. At first the boy tried to make the blond stop by asking him to, but the longer it lasted, the more he discovered that it didn't bother him that much, his "*stop*" sounding more and more warm, his smile getting bigger. At one point Clay put his hand on his, interlacing their fingers lightly, the thought to stop him didn't even cross George's mind.

After leaving the restaurant, it was time for the next point of their date plan, the walk that Clay had promised earlier. The sun had already hidden behind the horizon, only a bright moon and a few light clouds were visible in the sky, a bluish darkness between the boys lit only by the street lamps, and cars passing by from time to time. George relied entirely on Clay, who, holding his hand tightly, was leading him down the street towards some unknown location. After a few minutes of silent walking, they arrived at the gate leading to, what George thought was a park that was nearly completely empty at that time of the day.

The boys slowly crossed the old metal gate of the park, pausing for a moment at a nearby bench to rest after the effort that they had put into getting there, to be able to start walking again. Well, as it turned out after a moment, it was probably only George who needed to rest, because Clay, the bloody athlete, turned around suddenly, and looking at the brunet with a broad smile, he slapped him lightly on the shoulder, announcing:

"Tag! You're it!" The blond immediately lunged forward to run, his long legs quickly giving him a big advantage over George, who only after a few seconds of dull gazing at the receding silhouette of the other boy, decided to run after him to catch up, whispering curses under his breath.

George ran as fast as he could, which, considering his lack of sport experience, was far too slow to catch up with Clay, who was after all a soccer player. The boy didn't give up, even though he was starting to feel as if his leg muscles, lungs and throat were slowly starting to burn, his breathing became jerky and shallow, his body swaying sideways in some strange, uncoordinated movements. He ran ahead, cursing himself for avoiding PE lessons and spending his free time at home, and

Clay for thinking that it would be a good idea to make him do something like that. Clay would have to make it up to him dearly, the dark-haired boy was not going to forget about it.

After a moment, George saw Clay's silhouette stop in the distance before some low fence, leaning his back against it, and waving cheerfully at him. The blond's insolence irritated the boy so much that he was able to cover the last meters with virtually no problem, carried by fuel consisting of anger and irritation, focused solely on revenge. About half a minute of tiring running later, he was standing in front of the blond, puffing and panting hard, trying to catch at least one deeper breath.

Clay, seeing his horrible condition, walked quickly to him, and, supporting him all the time, led him to a wooden bench standing near them, George immediately lunging at it to sit down. The blond sat down next to him, slightly tilting the brunet's head down with one of his hands, the other was placed on his back, stroking it gently with circular movements, effectively calming his breathing. A few minutes later George was able to breathe steadily enough that he finally decided to lift his head to look at the face of the other boy, who was staring at him with a slight worry in his eyes, which however disappeared immediately, when their eyes met.

"How are you feeling?" asked Clay, his hand shifting from the brunet's back to his shoulder to continue his stroking there.

"I hate you," George dead-panned, which earned him a loud laugh from the other boy.

"Sure." The blond was looking at him with a gentle face, his eyes and smile filled with some strange tenderness and slight amusement.

"I'm not joking, you are the worst thing that has happened to me in my entire life."

Clay's strange expression deepened even more, his face, eyes, and hair lit by the golden glow of a nearby street lamp. "Ahh, my babe is back," he said, laughing as George groaned.

"Shut up," replied the brunet, his voice much softer than he intended. "Where do we even are?"

"Next to the playground for children."

"You took me to a playground?" The dark-haired boy felt a slight amused smile creeping on his face.

"Yes."

"Dumbass," George replied, the tone of his voice tender.

"You love me." Clay's voice was frustratingly confident.

"Ugh..." Clay laughed out loud at his reaction.

George's phone suddenly made a notification sound. The boy immediately pulled it out of his pocket, and frowned as he saw that he had received a notification from Instagram, which he rarely used. Intrigued, he tossed a quick "sorry" to Clay, who looked at him curiously, then quickly unlocked his phone, immediately entering the appropriate app. His eyes saw an information about a new follower, a brown-haired girl named Lisa Daves was staring at him from the screen with a broad smile on her face. The boy frowned slightly, searching his mind for any memory related to a person with that name. After a dozen or so seconds, he finally remembered, where he knew her from, suddenly laughing very loudly.

Clay gave him a questioning look. "Did something happened?" he asked.

George toned down his burst of laughter slightly. "My first crush just found my Instagram profile."

The blond's face fell slightly, he frowned. "Oh, yeah? Who's that? Do I know them?"

"Yes!" George replied right away, laughing even more, not noticing the quick shadow of sadness running across Clay's face. "Do you remember Lisa Daves?"

Clay thought for a moment, his eyes focused on one spot. "I don't think that I remember her. Maybe you can say something about her?"

"Oh, okay. Two messy brown braids, dark freckles, hands always smeared with paint, she used to go to the kindergarten with us, and then to first two years of the elementary school, but her parents moved to Canada."

"Oh my God, yes, I do remember her!" Clay finally exclaimed, smiling slightly. "That Lisa, who once painted my new shoes with pink paint?"

"Yes! That's her!"

"I completely forgot about her." Clay laughed. "So you say that she was your first crush? When?"

"Somewhere in the middle of our year in the kindergarten, I think, but after a few months it passed, because she tried to dye my hair with her paints... An unpleasant memory."

"I remember that! I can't believe that you were a womanizer in the kindergarten."

"I wasn't a womanizer! It was just one crush, that I didn't even knew was a crush for several years. I was like five years old. How old were you when you had your first crush?"

"Seven or eight maybe, something like that."

"Oooh," said George, curiosity clearly audible in his voice. "Who was that? Do I know this person?"

Clay groaned miserably. "Please don't make me say it."

"I told you, now it's your turn." The brunet laughed lightly, looking at the pained face of the other boy.

"Ugh, do I have to?" asked the blond, probably hoping that maybe George would suddenly change his mind, but the other boy nodded. "Okay..." a moment of silence, and then: "*You*."

"What?!" exclaimed George, so in shock that he almost fell off the bench to the ground. "Are you serious?"

"Yeah..."

"Jesus, so you had a crush in me, when we were like eight, and I didn't know anything about it?"

"Yes, I did. I didn't know what to do with myself, so I tried to be an even bigger asshole than usual, no idea why. In the end, after a few months, I got over it, and that's it." He shrugged.

"Yeah, I do remember that." The dark-haired boy laughed lightly. "You were terrible back then, but I never would have thought that... Erm, I'm sorry?"

"Chill, it's fine. It was so long ago."

"So, you don't write about me in your diary anymore?" George asked, pouting.

"Unfortunately, I still do."

"Yay!" George threw his hands around Clay's neck. "Hope you also drew there a lot of hearts for me."

"Of course, lots. Anything for my babe."

"Anything?" George's eyes lit up, his brain figuring out how to use this information.

"Okay, maybe almost anything."

George groaned, and then joined Clay, who started laughing at his reaction.

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The boys arrived at Clay's house around nine pm, quickly leaving the parked car to go to George's house, the other boy walking the brunet to the door again. So they walked across the lawn together, close, their hands and arms touching from time to time, Clay's gaze taking turns looking at the darkness and George's face, his face making a weird expression every time the other boy caught him staring. In such a strange atmosphere, and pleasant silence, they made their way to the door, to finally stand in front of them, and turn around to look at each other's faces.

"So..." began George, unsure what to say, but he paused, when Clay suddenly took a step forward, towards him.

George's breath trembled slightly as the blond came even closer to him, his gaze focused on the brunet's face, his hand rising, and suddenly being placed lightly on the other boy's cheek to cup it, his thumb stroking his jaw. George froze, automatically pressing his cheek closer to the warmth of the other boy's hand, looking at him with surprise, and a questioning look. Clay's hand lifted his chin up, his index finger touching the corner of the other boy's mouth gently, but immediately moving away from it, as if he had been electrocuted. George watched, his heart pounding in his chest, as Clay slowly, slowly brought his face closer to his, after a moment bringing their noses together, staring fascinatingly into his eyes, as if searching them for an answers to some unspoken question. Apparently he found it, as a few seconds later he finally pressed their lips together.

George's brain went completely empty for a moment, only to hit him with a stream of millions of thoughts and feelings per second a bit later. Clay's soft, delicate lips moving slightly against his, the boy's warm hand still embracing and caressing his cheek, his own hand creeping up on the neck of the other boy to pull him closer, his own lips automatically moving against the other boy's, causing him to make a grunt of satisfaction and surprise. For the next few minutes, they stood on a dark porch lit only by a nearby streetlight, embracing each other tightly, and willingly giving and returning kisses that grew bolder, Clay sucking lightly on George's lower lip, George making an embarrassing sound that he would rather forget. The blond probably had a different opinion about it though, because after hearing it his other hand was suddenly on the other boy's waist, pulling him even closer, their chests touching.

After a while they broke apart, out of breath, trying to breathe normally. George's brain at that moment consisted of two thoughts, one rational, which yelled at him that it was Clay, his former enemy, his *friend*, and that he shouldn't kiss him, and most certainly shouldn't like doing it, the second, however, whispered to him in a pleasant tone about how great it was to feel the blond's lips on his, how his big hands fit wonderfully on his waist and face, how his intense gaze made goosebumps appear on his skin.

After a moment both boys looked into each other's eyes, dumbfounded, practically at the same moment both taking a slight step back, George's hand falling from the blond's neck, the blond's hand falling from the other boy's waist, his other hand slowly, and reluctantly leaving his cheek. For a moment they stared at each other without saying a word, watching the other's pink face and lips, and disheveled hair.

"Clay..." George finally began, his voice low and uncertain.

"Your mom was standing by the window, so I decided to do it. You know, in case she sees us," Clay said quickly, all his words practically merging into one.

George let out a breath of relief as he remembered their plan, yes, now Clay's decision made sense. What other reason could he have for kissing him?

"Oh, that makes sense," replied George, Clay gave him a slight smile.

"Yeah... So... See you tomorrow?"

"Sure."

"Okay... Good night, George."

"Good night, Clay."

After these words, the blond walked towards his home, throwing one last look over his shoulder, a small smile on his lips. After a moment the boy went inside, closing the door behind himself. George, however, was still standing on the porch, staring into the darkness, gently touching his lips with the tips of his fingers, thinking about the touch of Clay's lips against his, about how much he would like... What? For Clay to kiss him again? No, that would be stupid... George shook his head, trying to get all the unwanted thoughts about the other boy out of it, such thoughts won't do him any good.

The boy finally shook himself, grabbing the handle to open the door, and finally go inside, leaving the dark night behind. He quietly walked upstairs to his room, throwing himself on the bed right away, and putting a pillow on his head, trying his best not to think about kissing Clay, and failing miserably time after time. Lost in thought, he didn't even notice that *all* the other people had fallen asleep a long time ago.

## Chapter End Notes

Omg, guys, how do I even begin to thank you for all the hits, kudos, and comments! You're all crazy, and I just love you so much! Thank you so much for crossing the 5k hits! It's just so unbelievable!

As always, do tell me, if I made any mistakes anywhere. I hope you liked this chapter.

Love you all so so much,  
Emy. <3

[My Twitter - March Emy, where I give updates to all of my current and future works](#)

# The School Project

## Chapter Notes

**STATEMENT:** If any of the included creators state that they're not comfortable with that type of content, this work will be deleted. Please, let me know if I miss anything. This is only a work of fiction.

This chapter is the longest so far.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was only 8:40 AM, but George had already three rather serious problems to deal with. Problem number one - from the beginning of their English lesson, Clay glanced at him every now and then, looking at him with some strange, thoughtful gaze, smiling softly and innocently every time the brunet caught him, his eyebrows raising slightly in a silent question. Problem number two - when Clay was looking at him like that, George was completely unable to concentrate on, what their teacher was talking about, blushing each time like an eleven year old girl, who fell in love for the first time, whose crush had finally spoken to her, his heart pounding in his chest so quickly and hard that he was genuinely surprised that the rest of the class couldn't hear it. Under such circumstances, he had no chance of concentrating on their teacher continuing yesterday's Valentine's Day lesson about epic love stories in literature and culture, even though the topic sounded quite interesting given that the man also referred to characters from more recent pop culture.

Problem number three was probably the worst of all, because George knew that as soon as the English lesson ends, and the students move to other classes for their next lesson, problems number one and two would be gone immediately. Problem number three was not going to be forgotten so easily, believe him, George had tried to do it many times in the last several hours. This problem, of course, was his yesterday's kiss with Clay, or rather the fact that it was the only thing that the boy could think about since he opened his eyes in the morning, stretching lazily with a slight smile on his face, which vanished very quickly though, as soon as the memories of last night flooded his head. Clay's hand on his cheek, cupping it gently, Clay's other hand holding him tightly, and pulling him closer and closer, as if the boy wanted to never let go of him again, Clay's lips on his, *God, Clay's lips!* At first insecure, slightly pressing against George's lips, as if trying not to scare him, and when he began to kiss him back, becoming more confident, bolder, pressing against the brunet's lips with such force that his knees almost bent under him, making him want more and more. Even now, a dozen hours after it was over, when he knew that Clay had kissed him just for act, some surprisingly large part of George still wanted more, for the blond to kiss him again, but this time to never stop. The boy tried to push away the treacherous thoughts as deeply as he could, which, of course, was completely failure.

Even now, in the middle of the lesson, George couldn't stop his thoughts from rushing towards the kiss, recalling it for what seemed like the thousandth time that day, despite how early it was. The dark-haired boy lowered his face, warmed by constant blushing, on the cold desk, leaning his forehead against it for a moment. Unfortunately, his behavior drew the attention of the teacher, who stopped his speech, and asked:

"Are you feeling bad, George?" The brunet immediately jerked his head up from the desk, looking

straight at the teacher's face, which looked slightly concerned. "Are you okay?"

"Yes, don't worry, I'm fine," the boy replied, offering the man the most convincing smile he could make, which must have been enough as the man nodded slightly, immediately returning to, what he had stopped.

George breathed a sigh of relief, he didn't need another problem on his head now, he already had enough of them for his brain to slowly start lagging. And speaking about the problem, George turned his head towards Clay, who was sitting next to him, the boy already looking at him, his gaze cocky and amused, his lips curved into a teasing smirk, as if he knew exactly, what the brunet was thinking about so much. The boy shook his head a little, no, it was impossible, it was just his goddamn imagination making fun of him again, but when the blond winked at him a few seconds later, then turning towards the teacher, the smirk never leaving his face, he was no longer so sure of it.

George decided to follow the boy's example, turning his head towards the teacher to finally start listening to what he was talking about. Before he could focus his attention on listening to the next iconic couple's love story, he noticed a movement from Darryl out of the corner of his eye that effectively distracted him, making him turn his head towards his best friend. The other boy was staring at him, looking significantly from the brunet to Clay, clearly asking with his eyes, what happened. George just shook his head slightly, flashing his friend a smile, making it clear that it was nothing important. Darryl didn't seem convinced, but he let go anyway, looking away from them, and focusing his gaze on the teacher.

Confession time, George hadn't told Darryl about the kiss yet. He wanted to, he really did, but every time he opened his mouth, he gave up immediately, not knowing how to even start such a conversation. *Hey, something funny happened, you know, I kissed with Clay yesterday...? Clay kissed me yesterday, and now I can't stop thinking about it...?* Or maybe, *I kissed with Clay Thompson yesterday, and now I'd like to do it again, preferably multiple times...?* No, totally not, George would rather do anything than finish any of those sentences. How would Darryl even help him anyway? After all, his friend wasn't able to open his head, and get all unwanted thoughts out of his brain. Knowing him, he would probably say something about George falling in love head over heels, which would be a completely false information, because the brunet definitely *did not fall in love with Clay*, never. The thought that his reaction might be caused by this rather than by some strange hormonal suspension of his brain made no sense at all.

George was pulled out of his thoughts by his teacher's voice, and the light clapping of his hands, which was probably supposed to attract the attention of all the students.

"There are several minutes left to the end of the lesson, and I want to announce something. My part of discussing love stories ends here." There were a few quiet sounds of joy among the students, their teacher responding to them only with an amused smile, and the roll of his eyes. "Now it's time for you to work," the man began again after a moment, all whispers in the class suddenly stopping. "For Monday, I would like you to prepare a project in pairs about an iconic love story of your choice, it could be a book or film couple, whatever, as long as it's well-known. The form of work is also up to you - a presentation, an essay, you choose. I am going to give you a paper on, which each of you will be able to write the name of you and your project partner."

The man did as he said, handing the paper to the first person, there were loud conversations in the class among friends, who started arguing about, who would be paired with whom. George turned around with a slight smile to Darryl, who was already looking at him, they always worked together, and they were doing great, so the brunet could start the project with complete peace of mind. The paper wandered from desk to desk, adorned with the pairs of names, until it was finally

on Sapnap's desk, the boy sitting to Clay's right. He thought for a moment, the blond leaning towards him, then quickly wrote something on the paper, smiling with satisfaction that Clay apparently did not share.

"What the heck, Sapnap?" he asked. "We've always done those things together."

"I just thought that you would rather spend this time with your beloved boyfriend instead of with me," Sapnap said with false innocence, taking his gaze away from the blond to look meaningfully at George. "You don't have to thank me."

"Oh, no, no, I will gladly thank you." Clay reached for the pen and paper, his voice full of poisonous sweetness. George knew very well that the tone of his voice meant that Sapnap was fucked, the other boy must have known it too, as he immediately began trying to take the pen away from his friend's hand, but it was too late, Clay had already wrote what he wanted to, smiling triumphantly.

"You are the worst," began Sapnap, the tone of his voice defeated. "Why are you doing this to me?"

"You don't have to thank me," Clay replied shortly, quoting Sapnap's own words at him. "I'm sure that you will have a lot of fun while making the project. Right, Karl?" The blond suddenly turned around, looking behind himself at the boy in the purple sweater.

"Me?" Karl asked, clearly confused.

"You would love to make this project with Sapnap, right?"

Karl beamed. "Sure! But you're not going to make it together?"

"No, I'll be making mine with George."

"Then sure, it will be a great fun." Karl turned to look at Sapnap. "We'll make a great project!"

"Yeah... We'll talk about the details later, okay?"

"Sure!"

Both boys turned back forward, Clay with a smug smile of amusement on his lips, Sapnap with a look of betrayal and disbelief.

"You're evil," said Sapnap, apparently ending their conversation, because after hearing this Clay only laughed slightly, and then immediately turned to George, looking at him apologetically.

"Sorry for him, I didn't know he would do it. So we're going to work together, huh? Unless you don't want to, then I can cross out, what he wrote."

George froze for a moment, thinking. Did he want to spend the entire afternoon alone with Clay after what happened? Yeah, a bit. Did he want to risk that he would say something stupid around the boy that he would regret later? Totally not. Was he probably exaggerating with such thoughts, because it was supposed to be a normal meeting to make a project? Definitely yes. George was slowly getting lost in the tangle of his own thoughts, unable to make up his mind between yes and no, to make any decision. It turned out, however, that he didn't have to make one.

"No, don't do it," Darryl suddenly said. "Make this project together, I've already found someone, who will make mine with me, so don't worry about me."

Clay grinned. "Great. So what do you think, George? Wanna do it together?"

George swallowed hard. "Yeah..." he replied weakly, and Clay clapped his hands happily.

"So, can we meet at my place after school today?"

"Sure."

George had a vague feeling that he had just made one of the worst decisions of his entire life.

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Few hours later, George was sitting on the floor in Clay's room with his back leaning against the neatly made bed of the boy, who was sitting across from him, different printed pages spread between them, in their hands their phones, where they searched for the information they needed about, surprise, the epic love story of Han and Leia from Star Wars. As soon as they met there about two or three hours earlier, the blond immediately announced, what the topic of their work would be, ignoring every remark of the other boy about it. If working with him was always like this, George wasn't surprised that Sapnap was so eager to get out of it. So, in a few hours they had managed to gather Clay's knowledge and some information from the Internet into a concise text that now only had to be transferred to the computer for the presentation, then they would attach some photos and maybe videos, and that's it. George had to admit that their work had gone very quickly, probably a lot faster than, if he had been doing it with Darryl. There was a good chance that they could finish it today, if they just kept their pace. There was a good chance that George would then survive this meeting with almost no thought about kissing the other boy.

The boys were in the process of revising the text for the slide that summarized the entire presentation, consisting of a list of reasons why Han and Leia's love story was one of the most iconic in history, when the door to the room opened suddenly and quite abruptly, revealing Drista, her both hands occupied by plates, one with sandwiches and the other with muffins, her leg still up in the air after apparently she opened the door with it. The girl smiled at them, seeing their equally surprised and questioning looks, and then entered the room, putting the plates on the blond's desk.

"Mom told me to bring you these," she said. "She was saying all the time that you must be hungry by now from all of this *work*." She wiggled her eyebrows suggestively as she said the last word, earning herself two eye rolls.

"Eh, Drista..." Clay sighed, shaking his head slightly.

"What? I'm sure you guys are working very, very hard here and- HEY!" The girl screamed suddenly as Clay took a pillow off his bed, and threw it at her.

"Thanks for the food, Drista, and now bye!"

"Ungrateful," the girl said, making an offended face, and then she left, closing the door behind herself.

"I'm sorry for her," said Clay, but George only laughed slightly.

"I don't know about you, but I really am hungry. Let's eat something."

"Sure."

So they finally got up off the floor, George grimacing his face a little as he felt pain in his muscles and bones from sitting in one place for too long, then sat down together on the bed, Clay carrying

both plates from the desk with himself. For the next few minutes they ate in silence, both of them very hungry after so many hours of practically uninterrupted work, enjoying their food, especially the blond's mother's delicious muffins. The food was great, so it's no surprise that in just a few minutes they managed to eat it all, Clay setting the plates down on the nightstand next to his bed.

George stretched slightly. "Can we go back to making the project now?" he asked. "If we hurry up, we'll finish the whole thing today." The brunet smiled slightly at Clay, and then tried to get out of bed to sit on the floor again, when suddenly the blond's hand was on his shoulder, preventing him from doing so. George shot the other boy a questioning look, settling back on his bed.

"We've got a lot done, we can finish it tomorrow," said Clay. "For now, I have a better suggestion of what we can do."

"Yes? What is it?" The dark-haired boy was honestly completely confused with the other boy's words, having no idea what he might mean.

Clay just smirked at him, then walked on his knees across the bed to be on the same side as the dark-haired boy, sitting next to him, and turning a little to look him straight in the eye. George was about to repeat his questions, when suddenly the blond leaned forward, reducing the space between them to bring their lips together. Okay, this George did not expect at all, his brain overwhelmed with thoughts about the other boy, muttering softly with approval, when the brunet immediately began to kiss back, his eyes closing quickly, his hands clutching tightly on the blond's hoodie, when the wave of feelings and emotions began to be slightly overwhelming. Clay gently placed one of his hands around the other boy's neck, few of his fingers touching his hair, trying to deepen the kiss, his tongue pressing slightly against the brunet's lips, who was just about to open them, when the blond moved away from him suddenly and unexpectedly, gasping lightly .

"It's just in case my mother or sister walks in," he began after a moment, apparently wanting to explain his behavior. "We'll be more credible... Is this... okay?"

George nodded vigorously, and then, embarrassed by this, added in a calm tone: "Yeah, it's totally fine."

Clay's face twisted in relief. "Great," he said, and then grabbed George's shoulders, pushing him back lightly until his head and back fell on the soft pillows, the brunet making a soft sound of surprise.

Clay wasted no time, immediately leaning over him, his right hand resting on the bed, supporting him so that he could comfortably hold his body a few inches above that brunet's, his left hand creeping gently on the other boy's cheek, the long fingers touching his lower lip, and slightly pulling it down. George took a short breath, flushing at the touch of the other boy's fingers on his lips, and his fascinated gaze focused entirely on his face. The brunet moved slightly, impatient by being watched and not kissed, which effectively knocked Clay out of his strange trance, the boy's eyes lost their intense expression, a wide smile making dimples show on his cheeks, illuminating his face. Looking down at him like that, his green eyes gleaming with cheerful light, his smile and dimples so cute and charming, his slightly disheveled blond hair lit by the glow of the lamp behind him, Clay seemed to George like a heavenly angel, which was probably a very strange thought to have, when kissing one's ex-enemy now friend for fake dating act, but, well, the whole thing was pretty damn weird overall, so the brunet decided not to care, what he was thinking about. Not that he actually had a choice, because as soon as the other boy's lips pressed against his again, all his thoughts left his brain in no time.

For the next few minutes, although it felt like hours to George, they spent on gentle and calm exchange of kisses, Clay's hand constantly stroking his cheek, occasionally breaking away to take a

deep breath, and continue as quickly as possible. The brunet loved the kisses that the other boy was giving him, don't get him wrong, they were so terribly nice, flooding his mind and heart with so much sweetness, that it was impossible not to love them right away, but some part of his brain was screaming for more, to make Clay kiss him harder, to stop being so careful, to finally put more passion into it. So after a moment, George decided to take matters into his own hands, a sudden surge of courage encouraging him to do so, entwining the blond's neck and back with his hands to pull him down, so that he lost his balance falling straight on the other boy's body. Both boys let out gasps, Clay looking in surprise at George, who only smiled in amusement at his confused expression, and then pulled him as close as he could to continue kissing.

Being able to hug the other boy so tightly and have his warmth so close, George felt better immediately, a slight sound of satisfaction escaping unwillingly from his throat, but thankfully disappearing somewhere between his and Clay's lips. A few minutes later, (Few seconds? Few Hours? George has lost the track of time long ago.) Clay suddenly and unexpectedly shifted his right hand from the pillow to the brunet's hip, squeezing it, making the other boy open his mouth slightly in a gasp of surprise, which was clearly the boy's goal, as he took advantage of it right away, confidently putting his tongue into the other boy's mouth, and wow, that was something. Just a few seconds with Clay's tongue in his mouth rubbing against his was enough for George to decide with certainty that it was the best thing that he had ever experienced. All of his favorite things, pancakes, Minecraft, were falling off the pedestal at lightning speed to free up the top spot on his list of all-time favorite things for making out with Clay Thompson, which didn't seem to him even a bit weird, he even thought that it was totally right, and a bit exciting. His life really changed that much, huh?

The attack at the newly-replaced first place on his list of favorite things came after a dozen or so minutes of wonderful, wonderful kissing, which George had come to love with such force that it would probably have scared him a bit, had it not been for the fact that his brain was totally fogged, not able to concentrate on anything other than the blond above him, when the other boy slowly pulled away from him, making the brunet groan softly in disapproval. George opened his eyes slowly, closing them as soon as he saw the boy in front of him, his lips red and glistening with saliva, his hair in utter disarray, seeing him like this, the boy did not trust himself and his mouth that it would not tell something stupid or make some embarrassing sound. Clay laughed softly at his reaction, lightly clenching the grip on his hip, the dark-haired boy tilting his head back to catch his breath. However, George was not able to even his heavy breathing, because the blond, taking advantage of the fact that the other boy tilted his head back, immediately leaned closer to him to place a kiss on his neck, and then, when the brunet did not protest, a dozen more, each of them getting bolder and stronger.

After a moment, Clay leaned a little closer, his nose also touching the delicate skin of George's neck, which made the boy let out a light, amused chuckle, immediately regretting it, he covered his mouth with his hand, as the blond broke away from him to look him straight in the eye, his gaze clearly amused.

"No," said Clay, his voice low and rough, his hand reaching up to remove George's hands from his mouth. "You're so adorable, babe."

George reluctantly removed his hands from his mouth, blushing deeply at the other boy's words, who only winked at him, and then went back to kissing his neck. After a moment the brunet started to giggle again, feeling a slight tickle, but this time he did not try to suppress it, letting the soft sound of tender laughter flow through the room. But then George's laughter stopped suddenly, interrupted by a startled gasp as Clay pressed his lips tighter against the skin at the base of his neck near the collar line of his t-shirt, sucking and nibbling at skin with his teeth, until after a dozen or so seconds he proceeded to gently let his tongue soothe the spot, where there will probably be a

slight bruise in some time, *a hickey*. Clay Thompson just made a hickey on his neck, George's brain melted completely, his thoughts floating inside him freely and uncontrollably. Then the blond repeated his previous action once again, creating another hickey next to the first, which after a few dozen seconds were joined by two more. George knew somewhere deep down that the next day he probably wouldn't be able to hide all the hickeys before he would have to leave for school, each bruise a little higher than the previous, but now he was too busy focusing on the feeling to care.

The evening hours flew by, and they kept kissing, Clay's lips on George's neck, on his temples, on his collarbones, on his lips, his hands first on the boy's clothed hips, then suddenly under his t-shirt, on his naked hips and waist, brunet's hands lightly pulling at the other boy's hair. This is how they spent the whole rest of the evening, focused only on each other, the English project long forgotten.

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About an hour later, Clay was walking George to the door, which, considering that it was happening for the third time, was starting to become some kind of tradition for them, something they did without thinking. The only thing different from the other times was that this time their hands were not dangling awkwardly next to one another, this time they were tightly clasped together ever since they got intertwined in the hallway of the blond's house, when George was saying goodbye to the mother and sister of the other boy. So, Clay escorted him to the door, releasing his hold there, the dark-haired boy immediately regretting the loss of contact between them that made him feel so wonderfully warm and blissful.

Clay looked at him probably wondering, what to do now, how to say goodbye. Now it was George who came to the rescue, getting as close as he could, standing on his toes, and throwing his arms around the blond man's neck to pull his head down slightly, and then kissing him hard, their lips immediately moving together. After only a few seconds, George found himself in the position, where he was leaning his back against the door leading to his house, the blond's warm hands on his hips, the boy's lips moving against his, his tongue pushing lightly on them to let him know that he wanted him to open them, giving Clay access to his mouth, what the brunet did happily. The very fact that he had kissed Clay at all today was hard to believe and process, but the fact that right now he was kissing him with a tongue, leaning against the door of his own house, was just totally absurd, and yet it was happening.

Their kiss, however, did not last long, only about a minute or so, because after a moment the door behind George's back suddenly opened, boys swaying from the loss of their balance, and then moving apart quickly with red faces as soon as they saw the dark-haired boy's surprised mother staring at them.

"I'm sorry," began the woman, laughing slightly. "I heard some noises and thought that we closed the door, and you forgot your key, and now couldn't get in. I didn't mean to interrupt you. Don't mind me, I will just go inside and-"

"No," Clay cut her off. "I was about to go anyway, it's late, and we have school tomorrow." The blond smiled slightly at her. "Good night, Mrs. Davidson." He turned his attention to George, his smile widening. "Good night, George." The boy leaned over to lightly peck his cheek, and then walked quickly to his home.

George turned around to face his mother, who was looking at him with a meaningful smile and raised eyebrows. "The love is blooming, huh?" she asked, George groaned pitifully.

"Stop it, mom," he told her, and then walked inside.

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Few hours later, in the middle of the night, George woke up suddenly, his thoughts filled with the image of the dream that just had, Clay's warm lips against his, the boy's hands wandering over his back, his gentle breath on his brunet's lips as he said softly: *"I love you."* George was breathing hard for a moment, trying to catch his breath, but then he suddenly rose to a sitting position, his eyes widening dramatically. He had just dreamed about a declaration of love from Clay, which the dream George accepted with so much happiness as if it was the most wonderful thing that he had ever heard in his life. After a moment of silence, the brunet's brain finally found a response to all the strange things that had happened to him lately, his obsession with kissing Clay, his constant blushing, the warm feeling that spilled inside his body after every nice word and gesture, the pounding of his heart in his chest for the dumbest reasons.

"Oh, fuck," he whispered to his dark room. "Fucking shit, why him? Why?"

But neither the room, nor the darkness, nor the silence had any answer for him. So George was just sitting there alone, his brain slowly processing the information that he had just realized that somewhere between his plan to fake date with Clay and their first kiss, he had fallen in love with the blond like a complete fucking idiot.

#### Chapter End Notes

Sooo, at the beginning I need to say that I didn't mean to make this chapter so long and so spicy, in my plan I literally wrote something like: "Clay kisses his neck, George giggles", and then I started writing, and added freaking hickeys and stuff, omg. My brain screamed at me to add some smut, clearly forgetting that I'm so shit at writing it yet.

Thank you all so so much for the 6k hits! It's so unbelievable that so many people read this story. Thank you also for all the kudos and comments, they mean so much!

I really hope that you liked this chapter as much as the others.

As always, remember to tell me, if you see any mistakes in this chapter. It's kinda late, when I'm editing it, so I may have made some.

Lots of love and virtual hugs,  
Emy.

[My Twitter - March Emy, where I give updates to all of my current and future works](#)

## Aftermath

### Chapter Notes

**STATEMENT:** If any of the included creators state that they're not comfortable with that type of content, this work will be deleted. Please, let me know if I miss anything. This is only a work of fiction.

PLEASE READ THE END NOTES, THERE'S A LOT OF INFO THERE <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sitting in Darryl's car outside his house at 6 AM on a Friday morning, drinking a hot coffee that the other boy bought him, being silent to collect his thoughts, and finally start a conversation with the boy about why he even called him to come over so early, George's mind pushed all his thoughts towards one question: "Which of the decisions in my life got me to this point?" Was it the first time Clay kissed him, his soft lips suddenly moving against his? Or maybe it all started, when George began to feel his first positive feelings towards the other boy, mistakenly considering them platonic and friendly? Or maybe at the very beginning of their plan, when they established it, a great storm of change just around the corner, lurking nearby? Could it be that it happened even earlier, months, maybe even years ago, a tangle of conflicting feelings, mistakenly labeled as dislike and hatred? If George thinks hard and long enough, he will surely find the exact moment, when his heart and mind decided to finally agree with each other, making the brunet totally fall in love with Clay, right?

The worst, (best?), part of it all wasn't the mere fact of falling in love, no, it was the effect that it had on George. Since the morning panic had left him a few dozen minutes earlier, the boy was unable to stop his mood from swinging. One mood, which made his whole body warm, his lips curve into a smile, his heart beat harder, the one, which filled his whole mind with happy images of him and Clay together. The second mood was much worse, a total fall from the heavens that followed every time George remembered that the blond was only his friend, and he was doing all these couple things only because of their plan.

George was just at the point, where good, kind thoughts filled with hope were starting to win over the bad, grim ones, when suddenly Darryl cleared his throat loudly enough to snap the brunet out of his thoughts. The boy looked at his friend apologetically, deciding to rip off the band-aid as soon as possible, starting the conversation from the most important point.

"I fell in love," he said as fast as he could. Darryl let out a loud, shocked gasp.

"What?" he asked, his voice full of sheer disbelief. "But what about Clay? What about your plan? What about your parents? What will they say, when you suddenly break up with him to start dating someone else? What-?"

George interrupted his friend's words with a loud laugh, unable to help himself. "Oh, Darryl," he said, "I fell in love with Clay."

Darryl stared at him blankly, silent for five seconds, ten, twenty, then suddenly, about half a minute later, he exploded: "Holy muffin!" he said, his lips twisting into a broad smile. "But you're serious, right? There is no hidden camera anywhere? Or maybe today is April Fool's and I forgot?"

"It's February, Darryl. Yes, I'm serious."

"How- How did it even happen?"

Well, that was all George needed to get his story started. He started from the very beginning, from the first changes in their relationship, from how kind words and light touches warmed his heart each time, from how sometimes his brain became so confused by the other boy's behavior. Then he talked about their first dates, the change in their relationship, the inevitable but sudden realization that he didn't really hate him as much as he thought he did, the thought that they could really get along, become friends. Then he moved to talking about the unexpected kiss, how great it felt to have Clay's soft lips on his, how wonderful it was to feel his warmth so damn close, about how he disavowed the fact that he wished it could happen again and again... Finally, he told his friend about the yesterday's evening, how quickly doing homework turned into even more kissing (he allowed himself to skip a few more embarrassing details), how wonderful it all was, how the excess of thoughts about it made his brain finally understand that George fell in love.

Only when he finished his speech did he realized how much he was out of breath and tired from saying the words so quickly, the dark-haired boy shaking his body slightly to take a deep breath, saying: "I think that's it."

"It's..." Darryl began, his voice clearly agitated. "Wow, I don't know what to say now."

"Tell me about it..."

Darryl chuckled softly. "Well, it actually sounds like a perfect situation to me. You fell in love with him, he fell in love with you, where's the problem?"

"He? With me?" George looked up to give his friend an incredulous look. "He's just doing it 'cause of our fake dating plan, here's the problem."

"George, sometimes you're such a silly muffin that I can't listen to you. Do you really think he would kiss you with the doors closed if he wanted it to be only a part of your plan?"

"Someone could've always come in, the door was not locked and-", George tried to defend himself, but Darryl cut him off right away.

"Do you really believe that, George? Because to me it sounds like an excuse of someone who, unsure of the other person's feelings, is afraid to scare them with their actions."

"I wish... That sounds too good to be true, Darryl..."

"But it is, I'm sure. Just talk to him honestly, okay? Even if somehow he doesn't reciprocate your feelings, which is totally impossible, he will for sure react well, and you're going to feel so much better. Will you talk to him?"

George sighed deeply, his fingers twining tightly together. "I don't know if that's a good idea..."

"You have a better one?"

"...No."

"Exactly." Darryl laughed lightly. "Now let's move on to the next question that interests me."

"Which is?"

"What is that?" he asked, his finger pointing at the hickeys adorning George's neck, which the boy completely forgot about in his fit of morning panic.

George felt himself blush. "Ah... It's... Eh..."

"He doesn't like me at all, huh?" Darryl's tone changed slightly, becoming more high-pitched, a weak parody of George's voice. "Sure, I can see it oh so clearly..."

George could only sit there and groan pitifully, his face looking offended, while his best friend laughed merrily beside him.

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As soon as George finally finished his monologue, interrupted by his friend's wise advice, about why telling the truth is the best idea, and promised that at least he will try to do so, the boys quietly went to the brunet's room so that he could get dressed before the school. He got into Darryl's car in his pajamas and a random hoodie thrown over it, which, well, wasn't the best outfit to wear to school, especially if you wanted to impress a cool boy, not that George cared about that that much... maybe a little bit. So George took a quick shower, changing into other clothes, comfortable dark jeans, and a blue turtleneck that thankfully covered the marks around his neck that he would rather not show to his parents, teachers and classmates. Then the boy tidied up his sleep-disheveled hair a little, and was ready to go downstairs with Darryl.

To say that George's mother and father were totally surprised by Darryl's sudden appearance at breakfast so early would be an understatement. As soon as the two boys went downstairs to the kitchen, Darryl telling his parents a happy "*good morning*", the brunet's parents instantly getting distracted from the conversation they were having with each other to shift their attention to them, their faces changing in surprise.

"Good morning, Darryl," his father spoke first, smiling slightly, probably quickly thinking about the current situation, and deciding that whatever had brought his son's best friend this early in the morning wasn't worth his attention and interest.

George's mother, of course, thought differently. "Hello, Darryl," she said. "Why are you here this early? Something happened?"

"Everything's okay, Mrs. Davidson. We just had to talk about something quickly."

"You sure?" The woman looked unconvinced. "Because if something happened, you can always--"

"Mom," George cut her off. "It's really nothing important, don't worry."

"Okay, okay, keep your secrets to yourself."

"Thanks, mom."

So, the boys had breakfast in the company of George's parents, who tried to chat them up every now and then, mostly by asking questions about school and plans for the weekend. George's mom had asked a question or two about Clay as well, trying to give her son a knowing look, but he only dismissed it by rolling his eyes.

By the time they knew it, both boys had finished their breakfast, quickly saying goodbye to George's parents, and then got into the car, only to find themselves in the parking lot in front of the school after, what the dark-haired boy felt as just few seconds. At the sight of the building, George rested his head miserably against the window, groaning loudly.

"Do I have to go there?" he asked, turning his gaze towards his friend sitting in the driver's seat.

Darryl sighed. "Yes, you have to."

"But I don't want to..."

"If you don't leave by yourself, I will pull you out by force, and drag you to the front of the classroom. I swear, don't underestimate me, you muffin head. How do you think Clay will react then, huh?"

"You're a monster," George said curtly, reluctantly getting out of the car.

It took them a lot less time than George would have liked to walk to the classroom, where their first period, which he (un)fortunately shared with Clay, was taking place, leaving them with a good ten minutes of free time before the bell would ring. Coming out around the bend of the corridor, despite the several meters distance between them, George was able to see the tall silhouette of the blond leaning against the wall, which was becoming clearer with each step, the dark-haired boy's heart suddenly beating faster with nervousness. Dozens of fairly quick steps later, when the boys were practically next to the door, Clay finally spotted them, moving himself away from his place against the wall, and, with a broad smile, walking over to greet them. Before he could say anything, however, Darryl spoke first.

"Hi, Clay, it's nice to see you, and now excuse me, but I have to leave you alone," stated the boy. George shot him an incredulous, and full of betrayal look, but the other boy didn't pay any attention to him, walking away from them to start a conversation with some classmate.

"That..." began Clay. "...was weird?"

George sighed slightly. "Yeah, don't mind him, he's sometimes got moments like this."

Clay laughed. "I'll remember that. Anyway, you want to meet again today to finish the project?"

At the very mention of the project, George clearly felt his heart do a bloody double backflip, and probably, he doesn't know how it would be possible, a fucking split, his face warming up on his cheeks and nose, his brain giving him some treacherous images. "Erm, I- Yeah, sure, sounds amazing... Yeah..."

"Great, you're fine with doing it at my place?"

"Oh... Yeah, totally... No problem..."

Clay frowned. "Did something happened? You sound strange."

"Did something happened?" repeated George. "No, no, nothing, nothing at all." Suddenly, another treacherous image from the previous evening appeared in his head, a faint memory of the feeling of lips on lips... The dark-haired boy automatically looked at Clay's mouth, leaving his gaze there for a moment that was probably too long, but moving it away suddenly, and blushing terribly as soon as he realized what he just did. The boy could just hope that the blond didn't notice.

Clay, of course, noticed, his lips turning into a smug smirk. "Oh," he said. "So that's it?"

"What?" George tried to act as if he had no idea, what was going on.

Clay rolled his eyes. "Come here, baby," he said, stretching his hands encouragingly towards the brunet, for whom it was enough encouragement, the boy immediately letting Clay move him

closer, big hands on the back of his neck. One second George stood there in the other boy's embrace, trying to boldly meet his eyes without looking to the sides, and the second he was being pushed forward, Clay's mouth pressing slightly against his. The kiss was soft and short, practically just a peck, the blond moving away far too quickly to George's liking, the brunet pouting right away.

"Baby." Clay laughed softly. "We are in the middle of the corridor."

George gave him the puppy eyes look. "I don't care," he said.

"Ah, yes?"

"Yes."

"Then..."

This time, when Clay pressed their lips together, the contact was stronger, much firmer, better. George immediately began kissing him back, ignoring very well the fact that they were in front of many other people in the middle of a bloody school corridor, where they were completely exposed to the sight of others. They weren't the first couple in the history their school to do something like this, so George's brain decided that it wasn't important. Was it weird that all he could focus on was the place where his lips touched Clay's, and the place where the blond's hands were holding him and pulling him closer? Well, even if it was, he didn't really care.

Their second kiss didn't last long though, a sudden noise somewhere beside them effectively and swiftly bringing them back to the real world, making them move apart, they both turned to the sound to see Sapnap standing there, his expression disappointed.

"Do you really have to try to devour each other first thing in the morning? In the middle of the corridor?" asked the boy.

"Jealous?" replied George, the cheerful tone making Clay let out an uncontrollable burst of loud laughter.

"Ugh, I hate you both."

"We love you too, Sapnap," said Clay, then he turned to face George. Don't mind him, babe, he's just jealous."

"I am not jealous of- Or you know what? Forget it. Let's go back to talking about you. I see that your *friendship*," here he made a quotation marks in the air with his fingers, "blooms."

"Our *friendship* is doing very well, thanks for noticing."

"It was hard not to, when you stood centrally in view of everyone..."

"Definitely," George said.

"Ugh, you know what? Do what you want. I don't have the patience for this." After these words, the boy quickly walked away from them, leaving them alone, and making them curl up in a sudden burst of laughter.

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When the time for lunch came, Darryl had expected his friend to spend it whole staring at Clay, but

he hadn't expected how hopeless the whole thing would look. Both boys kept staring at each other with fond gazes, catching all the moments when the other was not looking, little smiles illuminating their faces, a slight blush on their cheeks appearing every time they almost got caught. Clay tried to be as close to George as possible, every now and then initiating some physical contact, light strokes of his hand against George's shoulder, his hand catching the brunet's, tightly intertwining their fingers for a second or two, his head falling lightly on the other boy's shoulder during every fit of laughter. George, meanwhile, concentrated on keeping the conversation going, asking questions, joking, his face unable to hide how pleased he was every time the blond let out his distinctive wheezing laughter.

A few minutes of such contact with the boys was enough for Darryl to see it clearly that they were totally and completely in love with each other, so he had no idea how the boy's hadn't noticed that yet, after all they spent many hours together. How can someone be so oblivious? Is it even possible?

His thoughts were suddenly interrupted by Clay, the boy turning to George, asking: "Who you're messaging with?"

George frowned as he looked away from the phone in his hand. "With Lisa, you know, that kindergarten girl, who recently followed me on Instagram."

"Oh, yeah, I remember." Clay smiled, but it didn't seem convincing. "You renewed your contact?"

"Erm, you can say it that way?" George looked and sounded confused.

"Cool."

"She asked me about you, you know?"

This effectively distracted Clay from the fact that he wanted to appear offended. "Yeah? What did you tell her?"

"That's my sweet little secret."

"And can you tell it to me?"

George pretended to think about it. "Maybe someday."

Clay smiled and fondly rolled his eyes. "Dumbass. And now put that phone down and eat."

"Sure, Sir."

Darryl stopped a long sigh that was trying hard to escape his mouth, shaking his head slightly. The boy couldn't believe that he had almost witnessed Clay's jealousy fit over some random person, and then he had to listen to the boy's not-at-all-flirty conversation with George, and now he had to pretend that it was completely platonic. After a moment spent on being disappointed by the behavior of his friends, Darryl decided to turn around to Sapnap, his only ally in all of this, the only person, who was able to see what he was seeing, the other boy looking just as wasted by their friends behavior as Darryl felt.

Noticing his gaze, Sapnap moved a little closer to him to softly say: "Never before have I seen people as love-blind as they are."

Darryl couldn't have described this whole situation better. "I keep telling him from the start that Clay has a crush on him, but he's not listening every time. I have no excuse for him, why he hasn't

noticed it yet."

"It's the same with Clay. I keep hearing: '*You're just imagining things, Sapnap...*' '*You say all of this just to cheer me up, Sapnap...*' This morning I also tried to do something, but of course they didn't understand anything."

"Well, maybe it's a sign for us that we should help them understand. You know, take matters into our own hands at last. What do you think?"

Sapnap smiled mischievously. "I thought you'd never ask."

"So? We step into th action, and come up with a plan?"

"Exactly. And I even know what we can do. I have a light outline of a plan that will definitely interest you."

"What plan?"

"A damn brilliant one."

"Hey!" The tone of Darryl's voice was clearly indignant.

"Oh, sorry, erm... a super brilliant one."

"Much better."

So then, during a seemingly ordinary lunch break, in the school cafeteria full of people, at one of the many ugly plastic tables, the best, smartest, and most clever plan of all time was set up. A plan that would finally make two oblivious idiots realize how much they are in love with each other. How will it go? Well, one thing for sure, it will be very, very interesting...

## Chapter End Notes

So, as you may have seen, I made a series that will contain all of my MCYT related fanfics. I did so, because I have a next DNF fanfic planned out that is not related to this story. What would you say for some best friends to lovers with a good doze of obliviousness and feels, and a little spice, huh? I also have an idea for a sequel to Tell me it's love, tell me it's real, (if you read this fanfic carefully then you probably know, what it's going to be about), but it's too vague yet, so I need some more time to plan it. As for the planned fanfiction, you can probably expect it soon after the end of this fic, so within next two-three weeks (maybe a month at most). Well, unless my school decides to bury me in homework again...

Some info about the things that I already know about the new fanfic (as an apology for the delay):

1. It's going to be rated mature, because I want to try writing some smut, but nothing too graphic.
2. It's going to be multi chapter, probably 11 chapters. I'm aiming to make them longer than those here, I want them to be like at least 5-6k words each.
3. It's going to be told from Clay's POV.
4. It's going to be a college AU, because I freaking love high school/college AU's so

much.

5. If you though that idiots in love tag in this fanfic was heavy, then you need to brace yourselves for the new one. Shit, I love this tag so much.

6. Do you think that I should keep Clay's last name from this fic or think of a new one? If you have any questions about Tell Me It's Love, Tell Me It's Real, the new fic, or just about me, feel free to ask them. I will gladly answer them, unless the answer would be a spoiler, then I will just remain silent.

Thank you all for the support, for crossing 8.9k hits and 550 kudos. I appreciate it so much!

As always, remember to tell me, if you see any mistakes in this chapter.

I hope that you liked this chapter as much as the others.

Love you all so so much,

Emy.

[My Twitter - @emy\\_march where I give updates to all of my current and future works](#)

[My Tumblr - @emymarch](#)

PS. Sorry for the delay, but I needed to read Crime and Punishment for my extened literature class, and do some homework about it, and as much as I love literature and reading, it was a big pain in the ass, because it took me so much time and often put me in a very bad mood, ugh...

## The plan

### Chapter Notes

**STATEMENT:** If any of the included creators state that they're not comfortable with that type of content, this work will be deleted. Please, let me know if I miss anything. This is only a work of fiction.

CW: One non-explicit mention of sex

Please, read the end notes, thank you! <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

By the time Darryl sat at the kitchen table on the Saturday morning eating his breakfast, which consisted of scrambled eggs and coffee, to which he was unable to pay much attention, instead focusing it on the phone in his hand, his and Sapnap's plan was fully completed, and all that the boy had to do was stick to it, and hope that everything would go well. Don't get him wrong, he thought that the plan was great and that nothing better could be done in their situation, but it didn't mean that a part of him wouldn't still be terribly stressed and afraid that something would not work out somewhere and ruin everything. But what was there to go wrong? The false relationship of his friends that only gave them pain and confusion? If so, Darryl would be happy to be the one to destroy it, so that the boys could have a free field to build something new, durable and beautiful in its place. The only thing that mattered to both him and Sapnap in that situation was the happiness of their friends, so that was what Darryl focused on, when he wrote and sent a message to George, that his friend had no idea would be the start of some big changes.

**9:25 am**

*You to Georgie Muffin ☺: Wanna hang out at my place today?*

To improve his chances of convincing George, after a moment the boy sent also:

**9:26 am**

*You to Georgie Muffin ☺: We spend so little time together lately :((*

Maybe it wasn't an entirely fair play on his part, and maybe he felt a bit bad about having to lie to his best friend, but well, the goal was far more important than the means and the path that led to it in this case, so Darryl focused only on it.

A few minutes later, the reply came, Darryl picking up his phone from the table so quickly that he almost threw it, sending it flying straight into the kitchen cabinets or maybe the floor.

**9:30 am**

*Georgie Muffin ☺ to you: sure, at what time?*

**9:30 am**

*You to Georgie Muffin ☺: Is 11am fine?*

**9:31 am**

**Georgie Muffin ☺ to you: yeah, can you drive me there tho?**

Darryl smiled slightly, everything was going according to plan.

**9:31 am**

**You to Georgie Muffin ☺: Yes, no problem!**

In this situation, Darryl only had one thing left to do, let his partner in crime know that their plan, entitled *Dumb Muffins In Love*, was going great. The name of the plan was invented by Sapnap, his version of it was a bit different though, b-words instead of muffins, but after Darryl's indignation, the name was changed.

**9:31 am**

**You to My Partner In Crime Sapnap ✎: George is in, now it's your turn to get Clay here**

\*\*\*

When Sapnap finally got the long-awaited message from Darryl that his part of the plan had been accomplished, the boy knew that now was the time for his part, which, by the way, was the most difficult one, if he had not invented the plan himself and was not the person among them with much better contact with Clay, he would probably argue about the fact that he had to do it. Getting George to Darryl's place from the beginning was predicted as something easy, the dark-haired boy immediately agreeing to visit his best friend. With the blond, however, it was going to be much worse, not only did Sapnap have to convince him to a sudden meetup, but also in an unknown place. Clay will have to put his trust in him, which would surely make him suspicious as well, his friend always sensing when things were even slightly strange, leaving Sapnap under constant stress all the way there. If he won't cause a road accident, it will be some kind of miracle.

Despite all the stress and anxiety he felt because of it, Sapnap was very proud of their plan, which was wonderfully brilliant, if only they were going to be able to get Object A and Object B, their friends, to a place where everything was going to unfold. The only thing that the boy was dissatisfied with was that the plan had to be renamed, goodbye *Dumb Bitches In Love*, but well, you couldn't have everything in life, huh? Anyway, unimportant, it wasn't the time to think but act. Sapnap unlocked his phone.

**9:34 am**

**You to The Biggest Dickhead Clay: wanna come and play PS with me and some other people?**

**9:34 am**

**You to The Biggest Dickhead Clay: a friend asked me to come over and I can bring you too if you wanna**

Sapnap took a deep breath, this was the hardest part, waiting for Clay to reply. A few nervous minutes later, he got a notification.

**9:39 am**

**The Biggest Dickhead Clay to you: What friend?**

That's what he and Darryl feared the most, prying questions. Sapnap will have to play it well somehow to convince the blond.

**9:39 am**

**You to The Biggest Dickhead Clay: u don't know him**

**9:40 am**

**The Biggest Dickhead Clay to you: What friend, Sapnap? Do I have to come?**

**9:40 am**

**You to The Biggest Dickhead Clay: wanna ditch me to go hang with your bae again? i understand...**

Okay, maybe it was a very low and weak play on his part, making Clay feel guilty, but everything is allowed in love and war, so it didn't matter, everything will be okay as long as this text would work the way it should.

**9:41 am**

**The Biggest Dickhead Clay to you: Ok, I'll go. You gonna drive?**

Sapnap smiled devilishly. *Oh, yeah, Clay*, he thought, *I'd love to give you a ride...*

**9:42 am**

**You to My Partner In Crime Muffin Man↗: Clay agreed**

\*\*\*

On the way to Darryl's house to spend the day with him, George couldn't shake off some strange, lingering feeling that something was clearly not right. The behavior of his best friend seemed suspicious all the time, tight clenching of his hands on the steering wheel until his knuckles were white, nervous glances at his phone from time to time, the smile on his face when he looked at the brunet, which was trembling slightly and not reaching his eyes.

There were two possible versions of this situation, or maybe George was only able to come up with that many: 1. Darryl was planning something behind his back, which made him very nervous. 2. George had definitely been sleeping too little lately and was slowly starting to feel completely paranoid because of it. Since Darryl had never lied to him or had hidden anything from him before, see several failed birthday surprise parties, the boy decided that it was probably the latter, his own brain playing strange tricks on him. Tonight, he would finally have to go to bed early and get a good night's sleep instead of thinking about Clay until midnight... like he was doing practically every day lately...

Still, George couldn't help himself and not ask, just to be sure: "Do you have any specific plan for what we're going to be doing?"

Darryl flinched a bit, quickly turning his wide eyes towards his friend. "No... Yes? I don't know, we'll probably play some games or watch something. We'll think of something together later, okay?"

The brunet narrowed his eyes. "Okay..." he said.

"Great." Darryl clearly looked pleased with his decision to drop the subject, really suspicious... Well, maybe his friend was indeed acting kind of weird, but Darryl was still Darryl, someone whom he had known for years and loved like a real brother, someone he trusted immeasurably, because he knew that the boy would never do anything bad or harmful to him. So, George decided to trust him, when the other boy was going to be ready he would tell him about everything that bothered him.

After arriving at Darryl's house, the boy immediately led George straight upstairs to his bedroom, the room was quite clean as usual, numerous game posters adorning its walls, Rat's bedding in the

corner next to the desk, on which his computer was standing next to some school textbooks. Everything was as usual, nothing out of the ordinary, well, except maybe Darryl himself, who was staring blankly at his phone, while texting someone.

*Interesting, thought George, had Darryl started dating someone? Or maybe he just got asked out on a date and now needs my help with how to dress and stuff? Yes, that would definitely explain his nervousness and thoughtfulness.*

He smiled. "Someone important messaging you?" he asked, the tone of his voice as innocent as he was capable of.

Darryl looked up from his phone, giving him a soft smile. "You could say that," he replied, mysteriously.

George raised his eyebrows. "Yeah? Can I know who?"

"You'll find out soon enough." Darryl locked his phone and put it in his jeans pocket. "They'll be joining us in a moment."

"Yes? So that's why you invited me here, huh? To meet your new date?"

Darryl's eyes widened quite dramatically. "I- erm... yes?"

George laughed lightly. "Chill, Darryl, I'm not angry or anything, I'd love to meet them."

"Oh, then you won't be mad if I leave you for a moment now and go get them here? I want it to be a surprise."

"Of course not. Go get them, I'll wait."

His friend did so, giving him one last small smile, which was full of nervousness, and then disappearing behind the door of his room. George didn't really understand his nervousness, it wasn't like he was some kind of unmanageable asshole, who would ruin his chance for a relationship, on the contrary, he was generally considered a very nice person. Well, maybe things were different, when you were in that kind of situation, where you had to connect two worlds that were important to you, and get two people that you cared about very much to meet without guarantee that they would get along. George didn't know, he had never been in that position himself - Darryl had known Clay for a good few years before the whole thing between them even started, and George didn't really care at all at the beginning of their plan about his friend and "boyfriend" liking each other, because he himself didn't like him at all back then.

Well, George made a firm decision not to let his friend down, to get along with his date and make the boy happy. After all the situations in which Darryl supported him, now he will support him, and he will do it as best he can, he will take care of it carefully.

About three minutes later, spent on patient waiting and thinking about how he should greet them - should he introduce himself first, or wait for them to introduce themselves, or wait for Darryl to do it? George finally heard a noise outside the door, footsteps, more than one person, and hushed voices talking to each other. So, it was the time, huh?

The next sequence of events happened very quickly. The appearance of someone's hand on the doorknob, George forming a wide friendly smile on his face, the door getting ajared, someone asking: "Why should I go in first?", the door being completely opened, someone entering through it, the door closing with a bang, and finally a sound of a key turning quickly in the lock.

George looked dumbfounded, the smile on his face disappearing to make room for the shocked and disbelieving expression as the figure in front of him lunged quickly at the door handle, unsuccessfully trying to open it, saying a rush of questions. From "what?" to "why?" to "can you open it?" After several unsuccessful attempts and no answers, the boy turned around and... froze in place as if paralyzed, his mouth forming into a shape of an *o*.

"George," Clay broke the silence first, his face still showing great surprise.

"Clay," the brunet replied simply, a little less shocked now, his voice still a little choked though.

"What... erm... what are we doing here?" The blond finally moved a little, stroking the back of his neck with one of his hands in an expression of slight embarrassment.

"I don't know." George narrowed his eyes, his expression deadly, his voice frighteningly calm.  
"But I'll find out soon." With these words, the boy walked closer to the closed door, Clay watching him closely all the time.

"What are you doing?"

"You'll see." George knocked lightly on the wooden surface of the door. "Darryl," he said sweetly, and when that didn't work, "Darryl, goddamn it."

"Ah, language!" His friend's exclamation was clearly heard from outside the door, he sounded disappointed, George grinned broadly.

"What's going on here?" he asked, feeling Clay come closer to stand next to him.

"You're locked in there," another voice replied, Sapnap.

"Sapnap? What the hell are *you* doing here?"

"Hey, lang-" Darryl started, but George cut him off right away.

"Yes, language, I know. Back to the point, Sapnap, what are you doing here?"

"I'm here to help with the plan." Sapnap sounded very pleased.

"What plan?" Clay cut in, frowning. "What did you come up with this time?"

"*We both* came up with it," said Darryl.

Now it was George's turn to frown. "What did *you both* come up with? Why did you lock us up here? Let us out, guys, that's not funny."

Sapnap laughed lightly. "Well, it's kind of funny to me, but that's not the point. In answer to your questions. One, we came up with a brilliant plan. Two, we locked you up here, because your stupidity and obliviousness made us. Three was not a question, but still, we won't let you out of here."

George snorted. "And what? You're going to keep us here forever, because you think that we're stupid?"

"No, you muffinhead," said Darryl. "We will keep you here until you stop being stupid and finally confess to each other how you really feel. If you're going to be honest with each other and confess everything, we will let you out."

"Exactly," said Sapnap. "I advise you to have this talk fairly quickly and let us know, because you will be locked up there until you do. We messaged your parents that you're staying at Darryl's for the night, so you don't have to worry about that."

"Sapnap!" Clay stared at the door, disbelief deeply etched into his freckled face. "What do you mean? Let us out."

"Hmm," his friend pretended to think for a moment. "No, I don't think so. I think it's better to leave you here for a while, don't you think, Darryl?"

"Oh, I agree with you. We can go watch that movie we wanted now, if you want?"

"Lovely idea, let's go. See you later, guys."

From behind the door they could hear quite clearly the sound of two people's footsteps walking away, George looked quickly at Clay, their gazes equally as panicked.

"Guys!" George tried to scream and make them go back, but only silence answered him. "Guys, this isn't funny!" A bit angry, the dark-haired boy kicked the door lightly, regretting it immediately, as an unpleasant impulse of sharp pain passed through his foot from toe to heel.

"George." The boy looked at Clay. "It's not worth it, they went away and left us. Just... let's sit down."

So, they did that, George settling in the center of Darryl's bed, his legs dangling slightly over its edge, Clay sitting on the floor beside the bed with his back against it, then closing his eyes, a heavy sigh leaving his mouth.

The boys spent the next several minutes in silence, which was, well, quite awkward, both overly aware of the other's presence in the room and of the words that their friends had said earlier, way too nervous to make any move.

"Well," Clay finally said, apparently fed up with all the silence way more than George. "How are you doing?"

"I'm fine." George cringed internally at their awkwardness. In all the years the boys knew each other, there had never been such an atmosphere between them. "How are you?"

"Oh, I'm okay too."

"That's great."

Another silence, this time even worse after their unsuccessful attempt to talk, if that was even possible. George, to be honest, was getting fed up with it, and it wasn't even slow, no, his irritation with all of this was building at a dizzying pace, he was nearing an outburst. The boy knew he wouldn't last the next twenty minutes, let alone a few hours, he had to talk, he had to say it at last, confess. Even if Clay were to say that he didn't feel the same, it was much better than all that bloody uncertainty that made his heart pound like mad and his hands sweat with stress.

George opened his mouth. "Clay," he said, his voice cracked slightly. "Clay," he repeated, more confidently this time, his hands gripping Darryl's yellow blanket so tightly that his knuckles turned white.

The blond turned around to face him, their eyes meeting for a moment before George lowered his to his feet. "Yes, George?"

George swallowed. "You know, they really won't let us out of here until we tell each other all that stuff and... well... erm... someone has to start this conversation, and to be honest, I'm fed up with sitting in this room, and it's not even been that much time, so well... I can start..." The boy smiled lightly, although it certainly did not look convincing.

Clay nodded slightly. "Okay, if you want to then continue."

"Yeah, I do. You know, Darryl has been telling me for a long time to just be honest with you, so I guess I should have anticipated that he would eventually come up with something instead of me, heh..." George looked at Clay's face, but it didn't show any emotion, totally mysterious, wow, that will definitely help him with saying that. "As you know, well, at the beginning of our plan, I really couldn't stand you and I wanted to get rid of you as soon as possible. Everything you did irritated me and stuff... You could probably tell. Then I started to spend more and more time with you, and it turned out that you weren't quite as bad as I thought, although it took me a while to accept it. I started to like to hang out with you. Being your friend has become such an important part of me, it gave me so much joy. I- never would have expected this, you know?"

Clay gave him a little smile, which didn't look happy though, no, it was more... sad. "I know exactly what you mean. Our friendship is so fucking important to me too, you have nothing to worry about. I'm not going to end it after we finish our plan, we'll still be friends, George."

George shook his head slightly. "I'm glad you think so, really, but ... that's not the problem, Clay."

The blond frowned. "So what is?"

"The problem is that..." George took a deep breath, this was the moment, he will say it, he will be honest. "It's just, you did all these things, you know? You hugged me, you kissed me, you touched me, you took care of me, you told me all those sweet words and compliments, and- Shit, you don't even know how much you messed with my head, Clay. You know how much disarray I had in my head? Your one kiss was enough to destroy quite a large part of my brain, which I had to rebuild piece by piece, because somehow it made me want only more and more, even though at the same time I was still trying to convince myself that I didn't even like you. I was so busy cleaning up this whole mess that I didn't even notice that... that I fell in love with you. Like an absolute goddamn idiot, I fell in love with someone I, at first, thought that I hated and then that I liked only platonically. Every day, with each display of affection, I fell more and more, and now I don't know how to get out of the hole that I dug for myself with your help, and whether I am even able to. I-" The boy paused for a moment to take a breath, tired of saying so many words, and also feeling much more light now that he no longer had to hold the weight of his secret. "I don't expect anything from you, of course, Clay. I will understand if you don't feel the same, because I can't make you. We can still be friends if you want to, I- I'll someday get over it... probably. Unless you won't want to, then- "

Suddenly, out of nowhere, there was a loud laugh from Clay, which effectively interrupted George's speech, the dark-haired boy looking at the other boy with a look full of surprise and questioning. Why did the blond laugh? Was he laughing at the fact that George fell in love with him? Was it his naiveté amusing him? But... it was impossible. Clay would never do that to him... right?

George couldn't take all that fucking uncertainty anymore. "What? Why are you laughing?" he asked, maybe a bit too aggressive, but Clay didn't seem to care.

"George," he said, his tone amused. "Please tell me, when, throughout our whole dating thing, I gave you any signal that made you think that I wasn't totally in love with you too? At what point did I make you believe that I only want to be friends?"

George hesitated, his brain slowly processing what he had just heard. "Erm... You... What?"

Clay seemed even more amused. "Really George? Baby, I've literally kissed you, many times, and not just on the lips."

"But..." George frowned. "You said that it was just for our plan, to make us seem more credible."

"Baby, I made hickeys all around your neck. If I offered you sex, saying that it was just, because I wanted us to look more credible, you'd think that I seriously think so and do it?" George shot him a bewildered look, his cheeks flushing slightly. "I lied, George, every time I told you I was doing anything just for a plan. I meant everything I did, *everything*. At first I just didn't want to scare you, you know, you didn't really like me, but then I was sure that you found out about it and that you knew. As it turns out now, you really had no idea."

George couldn't believe what he was hearing, because how could something so wonderful be true? Full of uncertainty, he asked. "You... Really?"

Clay laughed, loud and merrily. "Yes, George, really! How could I not fall in love with you? You're gorgeous, smart, funny, cute, sometimes maybe not very bright, as we can see now..." George punched him lightly and playfully on the shoulder, his cheeks reddening and getting warmer. "But," the blond continued, "it's nothing. I love everything about you babe. You're... just amazing."

"Really?" George still couldn't really believe what was happening. "So, you're telling me you are in love with me too? Really?"

"Seriously baby, I'm so fucking in love with you."

"That's good, because I'm in you too."

Clay raised an eyebrow. "You in me what? I need to hear this, I've been waiting so damn long."

"I'm in love with you too, Clay." George laughed out loud, happily, and carelessly.

"I am the happiest man in the world."

"No, believe me, I am. This whole uncertainty was already beginning to eat me up." He groaned miserably. "Jesus, how could've I not notice that you were feeling the same, ugh...? How?"

"I don't know, baby, I really don't know, but it doesn't matter anymore. Let's move on to another matter."

"What matter?"

"When did you realize that you were in love?" Clay gave him an encouraging smile.

"Do you remember, when we were doing our project and how we made out on your bed then? When... you gave me all those hickeys." Clay nodded. "I realized that in the middle of the night after that. I dreamed that you said you loved me and that it was the best thing that ever happened to me."

Clay looked pleased with his answer. "Aww, that's cute."

"Yeah, yeah, what about you? When did you realize it?"

"Oh, get ready for a big confession." Clay laughed. "You probably remember, when a few weeks

ago you destroyed my date with a cheerleader, the one in a coffee shop, right?" George nodded several times. "Well, at first I was furious with you, because, you know, I tried to go out with her for a long time, and because of you I missed my only chance. My beloved brain, of course, started to give me thoughts that you definitely did it on purpose to ruin my day despite the fact that I knew that you probably didn't, and I was also wondering why you would even do it, you know, and finally it occurred to me that you did it, because you were jealous that I was going out with someone else. I thought that now, when I started thinking like that, I would be even more angry with you, but... well, the idea that you were jealous of me very quickly started to please me. It was very hard to accept after so many years of not liking each other, so I tried to be an even bigger asshole to you to get rid of it, and then once I accepted it, I continued to act like that, because to be honest I had no idea what to do while talking to you anymore."

"Wait," George interrupted his speech, frowning his eyebrows and squinting his eyes. "That means that, when we formed our plan, you were already in love with me and you knew about it."

"Yeah..." Clay blushed slightly on his cheeks. "It was actually one of the reasons why I came up with this plan in the first place. I wanted to investigate whether or not you feel the same way about me, and if not, I would at least know about it."

George sighed deeply. "Clay, you are such an idiot."

"Your idiot?" The blond's voice and gaze were amused and hopeful.

"Of course." George rolled his eyes. "Now that I know that you feel the same way about me, there's no way I would give you away to anyone else."

"Lovely. I can kiss you now, right?"

The brunet laughed loudly. "Of course!"

That kiss was even better than any of their others combined, their lips moving carelessly against each other, this time without any thoughts or worries ignored deep down in their brains. Their movements were confident, full of enthusiasm and happiness. Clay's hands around George a familiar weight that made warmth spread throughout his body in pleasant waves. Their bold tongues touching after a moment. How nice it was to kiss Clay now that he knew his feelings were mutual...

About half an hour full of kissing all the time later, the boys decided that it was the time for them to get out of the room, George unlocking his phone and dialing Darryl's number.

The boy picked up after the third time. "You're on the speaker," he said.

George rolled his eyes. "You too, Darryl."

"Why are you calling?" Sapnap spoke up. "You know that we won't let you out until you tell each other everything."

"Yeah... about that..."

"What?"

Clay laughed slightly. "We've already talked about everything, Sapnap," he said. "We're together. Officially."

There was a sudden sound of something hitting the floor on the phone, followed by: "Oh shit."

"Language! Sapnap, you dropped all the popcorn."

"Sorry, but why would I not be shocked after such a confession?"

"Isn't that what you expected from us after locking us up here?" George raised his eyebrows slightly even though Sapnap and Darryl couldn't see him.

"But we didn't expect it to be so fast. Sorry, but yeah, you're pretty stubborn." Sapnap was actually right about it, so George didn't correct him.

"It doesn't matter," said Darryl. "You're together! That's the best news of like the whole year."

To be honest it really was the best news of the year, well, maybe even ever.

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Sitting down next to Darryl at the cafeteria table during Monday lunch, Sapnap was beginning to regret a little bit the fact that he had helped his friends become a real couple. Don't get him wrong, he was very happy with that and all, but did they really have to kiss in front of all of them... all the time? George and Clay became practically inseparable, either hugging or holding hands all the time, or practically doing a bloody make-out session wherever they went. Sapnap would have to tell them to tone down their PDA a bit, because when looking at the faces of his other friends, it was clear that he was not the only one who was bothered by it. But it was a thought for later, now the boy will let them enjoy their time together, they had been waiting for it too damn long.

The fact that George and Clay managed to stay together despite everything, despite the fact that they had hated each other not so long ago, and all the complications, made Sapnap very happy. Firstly, because they were good friends of his and he was pleased with their happiness. Secondly, well, this reason was more selfish, it gave him some hope that his own situation might not be as hopeless as he had thought so far.

Sapnap looked away from the couple, shifting his gaze to Karl, who was in the process of brushing his wavy hair from his forehead, his fingernails painted black. Looking at the other boy, his damn pretty eyes and smile, Sapnap couldn't help but feel all his confidence drain from him, just like practically every time that he dealt with his friend. Sapnap had had a crush on him for years, Karl always unaware, only responding in a friendly manner to all his flirting. It could therefore be said with certainty that Sapnap was in a hopeless case of a friendzone with no way out. Exactly, no way out, no matter how much hope Clay and George's relationship gave him, his story had no chance for such a happy ending. Maybe he should just give up already and-

Suddenly, as if sensing his eyes on him, Karl looked up at him with his lovely eyes, giving him a radiant wide and devastatingly charming smile. Sapnap felt himself smile automatically in response.

*No, he thought, how could I give up, when he looks at me like that?*

If Clay and George got their happy ending, Sapnap would too. Now it was about time for him to finally take care of it.

As you can see the barely hinted Karlnap is finally confirmed, that's because I want to write a, probably one-shot, sequel to this story about them. I have no details for it yet, so I unfortunately can't say much.

So sooo sorry for the huge wait, guys, but writing this was so hard. Ending something so dear to me was really difficult, but I hope that I did it well and that you like this chapter.

I really want to thank you all for the amazing support. All of the comments, kudos, hits and bookmarks mean so much to me and make me so so happy! More than 16k hit, when I write this note, you all are unbelievable! I never would've thought that anybody is going to like my writing so much!

It's been such a pleasure to write this story for you and well for me too, because I just needed to get it out lmao. I hope that you're also going to like my future works, oh boy, do I have a lot of them planned...

Remember to tell me, if you see any mistakes (spelling, punctuation, etc.) in this chapter.

For the last time under this fic:

Lots of love, virtual hugs and virtual forehead kissed,  
Emy.

[My Twitter - @emy\\_march where I give updates to all of my current and future works](#)

[My Tumblr - @emymarch](#)

[If you like my writing then definitely check out my other story that is still ongoing \(3/4 chapters published\) - Summer Days - an enemies to lovers summer romance AU](#)

[Or my newest fic - an enemies to lovers sports AU](#)

[My Twitch - Emym where I want to start streaming soon \(probably mostly Minecraft, maybe some Sims 4, Roblox and other games\), so follow if you're interested, I'd be very thankful! <3](#)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!